

Vol. L. No. 1292

AUGUST 1, 1907

PRICE, 10 CENTS

PROPERTY OF
THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.

NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.

L

V



C. Allan Gilbert
1907.



A GREAT INDUSTRIAL PLANT

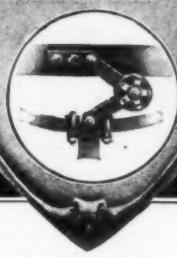
Time was when Providence, Rhode Island, was the great center of the Engineering Industry. It has moved westward, until now the largest plant in the world devoted to building engines and boilers is that of the Atlas Engine Works, covering some forty acres of ground in Indianapolis. It is an interesting comment on American mechanical genius that this concern has reached its present huge proportions and commanding position through neither merger nor combination, but through the general recognition of the merit of its product throughout the civilized and semicivilized world.

LIFE.

TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER

SHIELDS YOU

From the dangers and discomforts of riding on rough roads. They prevent the breaking of springs, save time, tires and trouble. Seventeen prominent manufacturers use them as part of their equipment. Our booklet goes into the subject more fully.



THE PIONEER

THE BEST

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY

E. V. HARTFORD, President

67 VESTRY STREET, NEW YORK



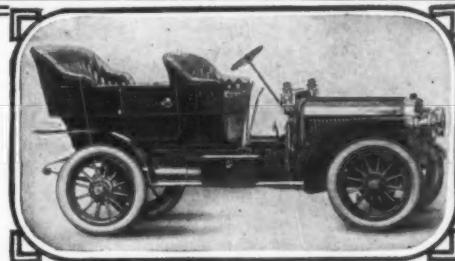
—for those who prefer the cheapest in the end

Pneumatic Booklet tells all about them—send for it

The largest exclusive rubber tire makers in America

FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
AKRON, OHIO

BRANCHES: NEW YORK: 233 West 58th Street, cor. Broadway. PHILADELPHIA: 211 N. Broad Street. ST. LOUIS: 2226 Olive Street. BOSTON: 9 Park Square. CHICAGO: 1442 Michigan Avenue. DETROIT: 240 to 242 Jefferson Avenue. BUFFALO: cor. Ellicott and Tupper Streets. PITTSBURG: 5904 Penn Avenue.



Thirty
Horse
Power

Four
Cylinders

NEW MODEL H, \$2,500

ITS STRONGEST APPEAL TO CRITICAL MOTORISTS

Approaching the mid-Summer stage—the motorists' paradise, when an automobile is most appreciated and its best points come out—the season steadily adds to the lead maintained by New Model H after a year's tests and trials all over the world.

CADILLAC

Built for

the long trips and

the short trips of the most

exacting users. The entire experience

of the largest and best equipped motor car factory

on earth is represented in its points of superiority as well as its

balance, steadiness and staying power under all conditions, the splendid service which

New Model H has consistently given shows it to be *Unsurpassed by Any Automobile, American or Foreign, Regardless of Price and of the Number of Cylinders.*

American or Foreign Cars entitled to rank in the same class sell for 50 to 100 per cent. more. Fully described in Catalogue H.R. Other models as follows:

Model G—20 h. p. 4-Cylinder Touring Car, \$3,000—Catalog G.R.

Model M—10 h. p. 4-Passenger Car, \$150—Catalog M.R. Model K—10 h. p. Runabout, \$800—Catalog K.R.

SEND FOR CATALOG OF CAR THAT INTERESTS YOU

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

MEMBER A. L. A. M.

In a test on the Readville track at Boston, on May 30, a Model H stock car completed 100 miles in 2 hours 10 minutes 55 1/2 seconds—a good demonstration of its reserve power and speed—there to be used if emergency requires.



THERE'S !

HE HAS LEFT HIS UMBRELLA IN THE TRAIN!
HIS WIFE SAID HE WOULD.
BUT HE DIDN'T LEAVE HIS AUGUST CENTURY, DID HE?
NO, HE DID NOT!

"THE GATES OF THE CITY"
IN THE AUGUST CENTURY
Text by JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS
Pictures by ORSON LOWELL
IS BEING EAGERLY SCANNED BY ALL
COMMUTERS

THE August Century is big with fiction, articles and pictures. It is the Midsummer Holiday Number—the real juicy fruit—but it makes only a small package to carry.



GREAT SCOTT!
THEY DONT KNOW

Few of us do for that matter—eh, what?
There's a little book that gives the whole
stunt away—that's the title—"Why They
Married."

It's by James Montgomery Flagg.

75 CENTS POSTPAID
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
New York City



THE HORN OF PLENTY THAT IS *not* A MYTH

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS



Lends tone to a sluggish stomach and creates a healthy appetite. A recognized corrective for the effects of over indulgence in eating or drinking. Delightfully aromatic and possessing an exquisite flavor. Delicious with lemonade, champagne, punches, grape-fruit, water-ices, lemon and wine jellies, cut fruits and all fancy drinks. Send for complete mixing guide and free book of recipes.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, 44 W. 34th St., New York.

BARRETT AUTOMOBILE JACKS



Rapidity, Certainty, Safety—

these are the main points of excellence which give the "Barrett" Jack superiority over all other automobile jacks. Highest grade materials, in the hands of skilled workmen, in the only workshop in the world having perfect jack-making equipment, produce this unexcelled combination. The "Barrett" Jack is *always* ready—under any circumstances. It never falls out of adjustment—never requires any tinkering.

The "Barrett" is supplied by responsible dealers, by the leading makers of automobiles or direct by us. . . .

DUFF MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 26 Cortlandt Street, NEW YORK

Works: Allegheny, Pa.; Pittsburgh, Pa.

4 Rue Auber, Paris Antwerp Montreal 124 Longacre, London

"THE JACK THAT DUFF BUILDS"



"WHAT'S THE USE, ANYWAY? TO-DAY WE'RE EGGS AND
TO-MORROW WE'RE FEATHER DUSTERS."



PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Still highest in quality; still most renowned, now, as for years, the choice everywhere of connoisseurs.

**EGYPTIAN
DEITIES
CIGARETTES**

have so long and so exclusively represented the highest quality obtainable that to smoke them is usually considered the best evidence of good taste.

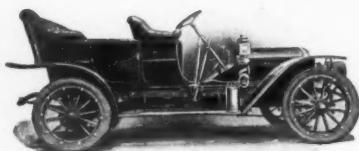
No. 1 Size - - - 10 for 35c.
No. 3 Size - - - 10 for 25c.
After Dinner Size, Cork Tips, 35c.

S. ANARGYROS, Manufacturer
111 Fifth Avenue, New York

Copyright 1906 S. Anargyros

Egyptian Scenes—Avenue of Ram-headed Sphinxes at Luxor.

The "Full-Jeweled"



Touring Car, \$2500

Corbin construction reduces tire trouble to the minimum—one of many reasons why it is the car you can best afford to own.

CORBIN MOTOR VEHICLE CORPORATION

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT
1888 Broadway, 62d St., New York
Motor Mart, Boston, Mass.

The Best Golf Ball



THE SILK PNEUMATIC

BEST because it rewards every clean shot—behaves better when properly played than will any other golf ball. With no other ball is such finished golf possible.

Write for printed matter fully describing Silk Pneumatic Golf Balls and how they will help you to play better golf.

By Mail to Your Summer Retreat, to Your Home or Favorite Golf Club.

We give special attention to individual orders.

Sample Balls, 60 cents Postage
Half Dozen, - \$3.50 or Express
Dozen, - - \$7.00 Prepaid

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.
Ball Dept., 1109 E. Market St., Akron, O., U.S.A.

The Remington AUTOLOADING RIFLE

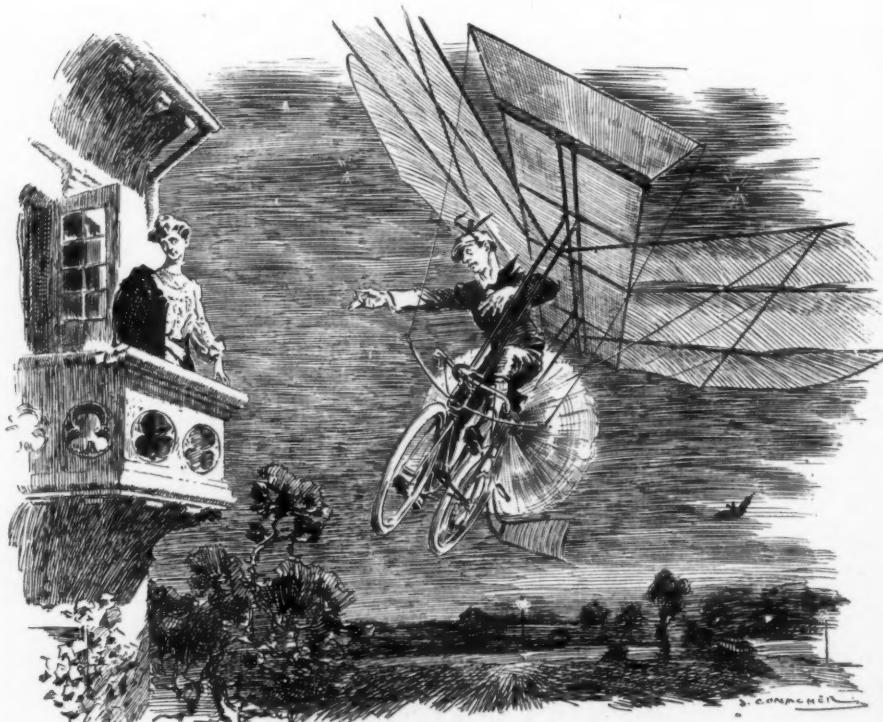
The AUTOLOADING
RIFLE
cartridge



It loads itself
and fires

5 SHOTS
in one second

POWER—RAPIDITY—SAFETY
Five smashing, knock-down blows—each equal to a ton hammer. A lightning like self-loading system—no lever and no slide to work. A safe, solid breech—a safe safety—a safe rifle.
.35, .32 and .30-30 Remington Autoloading calibers. Compare it with other big game rifles, then
Buy a Remington.
Write Dept. 8 for new illustrated booklet
REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY
Ilion, N. Y.
AGENCY, 315 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY



A. D. 19—

THE LOVER: "COME, DOLORES, FLY WITH ME."

LIFE

The Literary Zoo

Doctor Bok

[ROME, June 3.—The Pope has directed, on behalf of the Order of Augustine Fathers, that the honorary degree of LL.D. be conferred upon Edward Bok, of Philadelphia, for "signal services in journalism and moral ethics" at the College of Villanova.—*Special Cable Dispatch to the Sun.*]

"THE noblest study of mankind
Is man." (See Alexander Pope.)
But we have left that age behind
A century or so, we hope;
And having looked quite through and through
man,
We know the noblest's surely Woman.

"O Woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard"—great Scott!
We've put our feet in to the knees.
The truth is, we have really not
Acquired a thorough recognition
Of your superior position.

"Our only books are Woman's looks,
And Folly's"—there we go again;
To gain her confidence—Gadzooks!—
Is all we ask or wish for. Fain
We'd learn the trick from Mr. Bok,
Whom henceforth we salute as "Doc."

It is a study that repays
That Beau Ideal of the shopper,
The arbiter of styles in stays,
The prop of everything that's proper;
Who, heart-to-heart with Woman's cause,
Upholds the moral ethic laws.

E.G.: "Yours noted. We regret
To see you're somewhat indiscreet.
No maiden of our inner set
Would kiss a man when first they meet."
Thus, steering by the moral chart,
Know Patience is the better part.

"Who loves not Woman, Wine and Song"—
O cunning, cursed category!
Till Edward, he repaired the wrong;
To him alone belongs the glory
Whose fifteen million paid subscribers
Are only Mellen's Food imbibers.

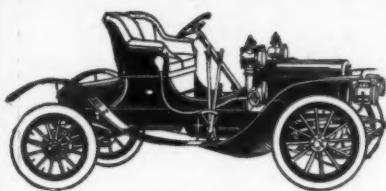
Yet we who walked in darkness ne'er
Suspected that Ham. Mabie's patron,
The journalistic chevalier
Of every rural maid and matron,
Was working out their soul's salvation
While building up his circulation.

W. T. Larned.

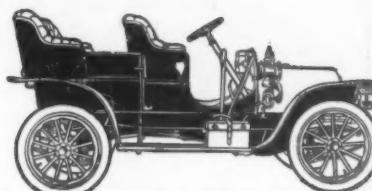
American Kiplings

THE recent contest between Gertrude Atherton and the *London Times* as to the desirability of gathering local color in the locus has prompted an inquiry into the habits of American story-tellers. The examples of Stevenson, Pierre Loti and Joseph Conrad are found to be followed by many young writers. Naturally, writers of descriptive articles, muck raking or otherwise, have to wander. The latest of this breed is the Rev. Alexander Irvine, whom

FRANKLIN



Light Runabout \$1800



Light Touring-Car \$1850

What backs the Franklin claim to first place among American motor-cars?

Franklin principles and the Franklin record.

High power and light weight is the Franklin foundation principle: Power obtained not from a big heavy engine requiring heavy water-apparatus to cool it, and a heavy frame to support it; but from a thoroughly-refined light-weight engine which transforms the largest possible proportion of its heat into actual working-force, and in a machine whose perfect strength comes not from mere bulk, weight and antiquated "be-on-the-safe-side" guess-work construction; but from absolutely the highest-grade material and workmanship known in motor-car building, tested and calculated with scientific accuracy and positively known effect.

Into every Franklin model is built the net ability of a powerful, perfectly-air-cooled, multi-cylinder motor and the superlatively strong, light-weight, non-

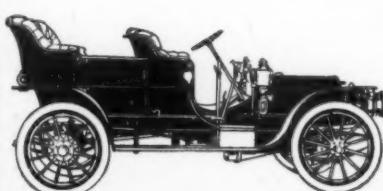
jarring, Franklin construction. Full, constant, driving energy always at the rear wheels; free from the handicap of unscientific, useless, dangerous, money-wasting weight. But with the safety and comfortable riding-quality that make power usable and worth having.

This high-power-and-light-weight principle has developed Franklins from the first little 7 horse-power runabout of 1902 into the splendid, luxurious, powerful four- and six-cylinder types of to-day. It won and still holds the world's efficiency record, the world's long-distance touring and endurance records, and the Chicago-to-New York Record. It has pushed the value of Franklin sales in five years up to second among all American motor-cars. And its daily results in Franklin models make other touring-car standards look tame by comparison.

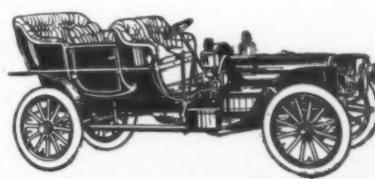
If you are open to conviction, see a Franklin dealer, and write for the book.

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Prices f. o. b. Syracuse



Medium Touring-Car \$2800



Six-Cylinder Touring-Car \$4000



Little Giant GASOLINE MOTORS

Reliable, Reversible, Two Cycle,
Two and Three Port.
Guaranteed for one year.
Simple and easy to operate.
Our Catalog Kit is worth your having.
Send 10 cents in stamps for our Book entitled "Ignition, Vaporization, Installation and Operation of a Gasoline Motor."

UNITED MFG. CO. - DETROIT, MICH.

SPENCERIAN

Careful workmanship, fine quality of material, durability—that's the Spencerian Pen. Sample card of 12, all different, sent for 6 cents postage.

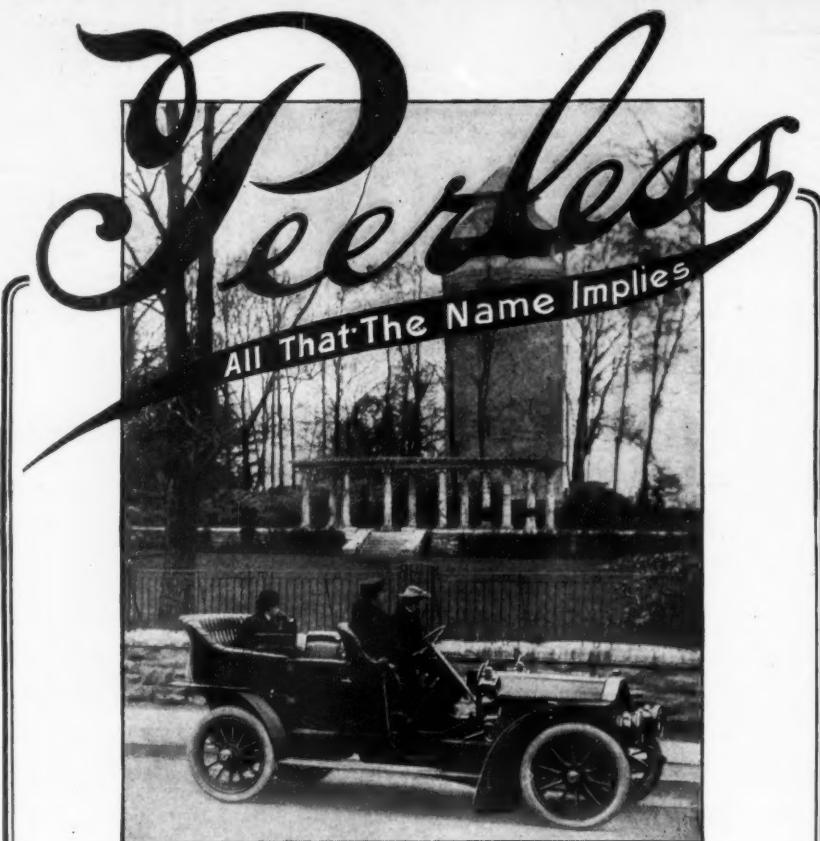
SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY, 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

STEEL PENS

ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. A delightful aromatic for all wine, spirit and soda beverages. A tablespoonful in an ounce of sherry or sweetened water after meals affords relief and aids digestion.

Important to see that it is Abbott's.



The Car You Don't Think About

Q Perfect health makes you unconscious of your body—a pain calls it to mind.

Q To be perfectly dressed relieves you of all thought about your clothes—a fault requires your attention.

Q People don't think about the car when they are touring in a Peerless—their minds are free to all the pleasures by the way.

Send for our new illustrated book "Q." It fully describes the Peerless Models. Send free on request

The Peerless Motor Car Company, 2449 Oakdale St., Cleveland, Ohio

"NO BETTER
IN THE WORLD"
**AMERICAN HOSIERY
UNDERWEAR**

Nine Highest Awards



Appleton's sent in disguise to investigate the state of peonage. He once gained some notoriety by stamping on the American flag before a labor meeting, and demanding that the crowd sing the "Marseillaise" instead of "America." He has been a Congregational minister, the proprietor of a free-for-all church, and a socialist orator. But writers of fiction seem to wander quite as much, though it is often declared that steam has killed romance.

James Connolley enlisted as a yeoman in the Navy, with Roosevelt's permission. The winners of the quarterly contests instituted by *Collier's Weekly* are men like Rowland Thomas, who have seen bolas in action. Ralph Paine has sailed with South American revolutionists, and tried his Yale oarsman muscles in every quarter of the globe. O. Henry has been everything from an editor to a waiter, in all sorts of crude crossroad towns. Stewart Edward White, according to his photographs in the literary journals, will probably die with his puttees on, before a background of tawny wilderness.

James Creelman has lived some of his most exciting stories in Madagascar and elsewhere. Jack London's case, among those who do not stay with the typical "magazine crowd," is obvious. The Williamsons are not content unless they have at least one remarkable adventure a week, in Breton or Sicily or Andalusia. Robert Hitchens has seen some very dark bits of life, in out-of-the-way places. Broughton Brandenburg has been a war correspondent, like Richard Harding Davis, and he has lived among Italian anarchists in their native spots, and crossed in the filthy steerage of a German liner, accompanied by his wife.

Even the cheaper magazines, which publish dime novels for grown-ups, are no longer content with local color from a Baedeker. Though their hack writers may still dictate their thirty thousand words a week, they are, according to the advertisements, "ex-ranchmen," or "intimately acquainted with pirate life of the Gulf of Genoa." But this sign of the times is less important than the fact that the men who may succeed Jack London and O. Henry before long are yielding to the *wanderlust*, and, incidentally, getting copy. A census of the Junior class at the University of Pennsylvania, not long ago, showed that one-third of the Junior class had experiences in mining camps or Canadian mountains, or the like, during vacations. The cattle ship is so much favored by college students that a large per cent. of the fall themes in rhetoric is sure to deal with word-rate raising escapes from Canadian steers.

One of these young men has sold some of his stories and verse to such magazines as *The Century* and *Smart Set*. This is Allan

FORD "SOUND LOGIC" TALKS

QUALITY AND—RIGHT PRICE

IT STANDS TO REASON that the man who can design, the organization that can perfect, and the factory that can produce runabouts in such quantities, of such quality, and at such prices, as the world-famous FORDS, can also incorporate more value, more serviceability and more all-round quality in a six-cylinder touring car than is possible to any other maker.

AND IT IS A FACT now well established that the six-cylinder FORD car which sells for \$3,000 (fully equipped) has performed feats of endurance and hill climbing, as well as of speed, that no other car selling for less than \$5,000 has been able to duplicate.

THAT THE FORD SIX HOLDS the world's record for endurance—1,135 miles in twenty-four hours; that it has defeated practically every other car from sixty horse-power down, in hill climbing contests; and that it is capable of any speed its driver cares to ride—these are evidences of only a few of its virtues.

THAT IT IS MADE from the best steels known to metallurgy; that it is the only six that has gone through the fire of experience and has been perfected at every point; and that it represents in its every detail the genius of HENRY FORD—these make the FORD SIX supreme among motor cars regardless of price.

IN OTHER WORDS, the FORD SIX is to other touring cars what the FORD RUNABOUTS are to other runabouts—neither knows a rival nor a peer. "If it's a FORD, it's ahead—a year ahead."

\$2800
F.O.B. Detroit



MODEL "K" 6 Cyl. 40 H. P.

Write for catalog and address of your nearest Ford agent or branch

Ford Motor Company
263 PIQUETTE AVE., DETROIT, MICH.



Do You Appreciate Good Smokes?

Then you can't do better than get acquainted at once with

DRAKEMEL WHEELING STORIES

A genuine old Wheeling product.
You've never had a more satisfying smoke. Five inches long, panacea shape—straight, long-filler of finest leaf tobacco, perfectly seasoned—"Drakemel" is the king of all stogies. The tang of pure tobacco—unflavored, natural—is a delicious new sensation, beside which the taste of ordinary stogies and cigars is flat, insipid.

Mailed in genuine cedar boxes, on receipt of check or money order for price, \$3.50 per 100; \$1.75 per 50, charge prepaid anywhere in U. S. Price refunded if you don't like them.

EARLE A. LENKARD, Wheeling, West Virginia
My free booklet about stogies will interest you. Write for it.



Updegraff, who was an editor of the *Yale Monthly* last year. During vacations he had tried newspaper work and hobo trips. At seventeen he was timekeeper on a railroad section gang for a month. Last fall he left Yale to join Upton Sinclair's colony, Helicon Hall, as a janitor. When he left it, he combined writing with work as a factory hand. The newspapers have now announced that Updegraff has set out for San Francisco on foot, with a verse anthology and twenty dollars, which are to last him in a Stevensonian pilgrimage around the world. As far as the Fiji Islands he will be accompanied by a young physical-culturist, who expects to live the simple life under the palms. His case, and that of many other young college men, show reason to believe that Miss Atherton was right, and that a thirst for vivid romance is by no means dead.

Pure Literature Law

*How It Will Affect the American People—
Its Benefit as a Whole*

WASHINGTON, June 1.—The Pure Literature Law went quietly into effect to-day, there being no popular demonstration.

Its provisions are widespread and sweeping. It is expected to put a great many authors out of business. The practice of placing so many adulterated books on the market is so common that a revolution in methods is necessary.

Hereafter, under the law, all authors will be obliged to print on the cover of each book the formula it contains. Experts employed by the Government will analyze contents, and the two formulae must agree.

For example, Henry James's recent book is labeled as follows:

This book contains
One-half per cent saturated solution of
simplicity. Rest unknown.

It is rumored that Robert Chambers's novels have been prohibited, as they contain nearly 75 per cent. alcohol, sold under the head of pure reading matter.

Mark Twain's latest book on Christian Science is labeled thus:

Vituperation . . .	58 per cent.
Reason	25 per cent.
Fun	15 per cent.
Brotherly Love . . .	No trace.

Winston Churchill, when seen at his home in New Hampshire, expressed himself as on the whole pleased with the new arrangement "It puts us all on a level," he said, "and where we belong. This is what the Government proposes to label my next book, and I'm trying to get 'em to modify it; but I'm afraid it's no use:

Good plot	50 per cent.
Bad writing	50 per cent."

Miss Laura Jean Libby was interviewed at her home in Brooklyn.

"I am the one author," she said, "who

THE PLEASURES OF MOTORING

A smooth-running engine is more satisfaction than smooth roads. **MobilOil**—the perfect automobile lubricant—is the only oil that makes smooth, easy running absolutely certain. There is a grade of

VACUUM MOBIL OIL

especially prepared for every engine. The **MobilOil** booklet lists every make of automobile and tells what grade of **MobilOil** to use. It's free. **MobilOil** sold by dealers everywhere—in barrels and cans of varying capacities.

MANUFACTURED BY
VACUUM OIL CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Sealed Bonnet Contest

The practicability of the modern motor was recently clearly demonstrated when 42 out of 47 entrants in the four-day A. A. Sealed Bonnet Contest finished with a perfect score.

When you consider that the "bonnet" or case covering the working mechanism of the **JONES SPEEDOMETER** is always sealed, and when you take into consideration the fact that this instrument is "punished" equally as much as the engine of your motor car; and it is made to operate day in and day out, from week to week, month to month, year to year, and finish these continual sealed bonnet contests, whether 1 mile or 10,000 miles, without "limping," and with a perfect score, you must realize why the **JONES** is accepted as

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Write for Bulletin No. 34

Jones Speedometer Co., 76th St. & B'way, N. Y.



SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.

glide over the paper without a hitch, a hack, or a haggle. Sample card of 12, all different, sent for 6 cents postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 Broadway, New York

THE TIRE FOR TOURING

The Tourist cannot always choose his roads—he must take them as he finds them. But he can choose the tire equipment which must bear the brunt of bad-road traveling. When roads are encountered that often put ordinary tires out of running

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES

improve the opportunity to demonstrate their superior strength, and spare the tourist both delay and annoyance. And because they can and do protect the motorist at trying times, they have made hosts of friends among cross-country travelers.

Perhaps you will never be called upon to use the "emergency strength" that is put into these tires, but there is a good deal of satisfaction in knowing that it's there if you need it.

We do not claim that there is anything phenomenal about MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRES or any secret method employed in their manufacture; but we do claim and can prove that they are giving their users exceptionally good service.

Here is a fair sample of the service they give:

"One of my Morgan & Wright Tires has traveled 5000 miles in this country and 6200 miles in Europe, and is coming back to America without one stroke of foreign air in it. It does not look as though it had run to exceed 1000 miles."—F. E. Wadsworth, President, Michigan Steel Boat Co., Detroit.

There is no method of making friends equal to the method of making good.

MORGAN & WRIGHT
DETROIT.

Branches, Agencies, or
Dealers Everywhere.



DON'T BE INSULTED

That's what the dealer does who, when you ask for a particular article, offers you a substitute. He may claim it is cheaper and better but—just ask him why—if you have time; otherwise, why not

GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, swollen, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE trial package, also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE Sanitary CORN-PAD, a new invention, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

THE most popular Canadian whisky is more easily remembered by taste than name—Gooderham & Worts Special. Preferred invariably by those who care to stand the price.



has nothing to modify. My goods are labeled just as they always have been, and there will be no necessity to make any change. Here is the loveliest label, I am having printed. It's beautiful."

The formula was as follows:

Gush	30 per cent.
Sentiment	30 per cent.
Virtue reigns	40 per cent.

Lyman Abbott was quite indignant.

"I shall have to go out of business," he cried, "if they are going to enforce this law. Here is what they say of my last book of sermons."

The label read as follows:

This book contains 90 per cent. of dope.

Cyrus Townsend Brady was almost in tears.

"What hope is there for a hard-working author under this new law!" he exclaimed. "It is necessary for the Government experts to read everything, and I am told that in my case it will take several years to do this. In the meantime, as a general label, they insist upon the following:

Plot	100 per cent.
Lack of interest	100 per cent."

George Ade was resigned.

"I've made my pile," he said, "and whether Congress is in session or not doesn't keep me awake daytimes any more, But how would you like to be handed out a bunch of guff like this?

Fun	75 per cent.
Wit	20 per cent.
Humor	5 per cent.
Durability	No traces."

One of the Government experts, who, by the way, was at one time an editor of *Ridgway's Magazine*, gave out the following:

The work of classifying and labeling all the authors cannot be done in a day. It is necessary to read their books with some care, and our staff has to be constantly replenished. One of our readers, for example, who has a delicate, sensitive, temperament, and is a man of fine taste, was handed by mistake a lot of advertising matter written by George Harvey for *Harper's*, under the assumption that it was to be issued in a book. In a short time he was completely knocked out, and he had to be fed on Addison and Keats to bring him back to life.

But the work is progressing as rapidly as possible, and we hope to get things in good shape for the fall trade.

In the meantime, cast your eye over the following:

F. H. Smith

Water	75 per cent.
Proteids	15 per cent.
Plot	10 per cent.

W. D. Howells

Style	50 per cent.
Material	15 per cent.
Foreign matter	35 per cent.

Carnegie

Iron and brass	5 per cent.
Moth and rust	2 per cent.
Carnegie	93 per cent.

LIFE.



Two Compliments on One Day

ON JUNE 12 Richard Watson Gilder was presented for the degree of Doctor of Letters by Prof. Brander Mathews at Columbia University, and next to Governor Hughes, who was also honored with a degree, the editor of *The Century Magazine* received the warmest welcome from the twelve hundred people present—a pleasant little ovation that came after Prof. Brander Mathews's graceful introduction. He said of Mr. Gilder:

He is a poet of varied accomplishment, in whose lyrics there are melody, beauty and grace. He has been for many years the editor of one of our foremost magazines, which is ever earnest in fostering the literature and the art of our country, and which he has made the advocate of every lofty cause. Feeling keenly the noble responsibilities of citizenship, he has been a leader in social uplift; and to him we owe the solid foundation of tenement-house reform. In honoring the poet and the editor, you are honoring also one of the most useful citizens of this metropolis of the Western World.

On the same day there reached Mr. Gilder's office the following letter (the italics are ours):

M— MUSIC COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

June 12, 1907.

MR. RICHARD W. GILDER,
New York City.

Dear Sir—I have been informed that you have achieved some success in a literary line, and, as I am in search of poems that can be set to music. I take the liberty of addressing you. I wish you would kindly co-operate with me at once, for, by so doing, I feel confident that both of us will be materially benefited.

In the first place, I would like to have the opportunity of examining some of your work. If I find that it comes up to my standard, I shall be more than pleased to make you an offer upon it immediately; but in case I cannot use it I shall return it to you at once, if postage is enclosed for that purpose. I do not require that your work be typewritten, or put in any special form, and I make no charge whatsoever for examination or criticism.

As you are no doubt familiar, there is a great deal of money in song-writing; yet many excellent songs have been written that have never been published simply because the author lacks confidence in his own work. It is my business to discover these true poems, *no matter from whom they come*, and to turn the author's talent into money for both the poet and myself. Do not feel that because you have some simple little ditty at home you need be ashamed to present it to me—*its very simplicity may be its charm*.

Therefore, I ask that you send in your manuscript without further delay, for right now is the time of the year that the big music publishers of this city are looking for next season's successes.

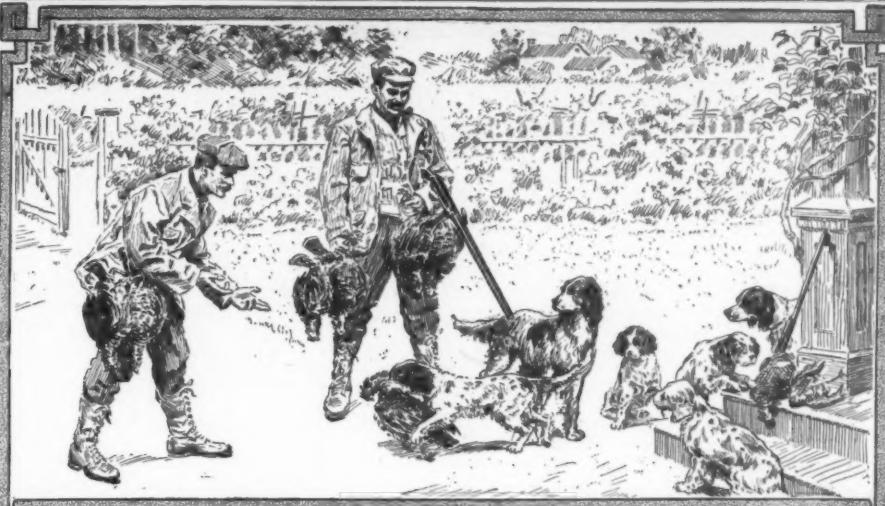
Respectfully yours.

Dict. M.— E— M—.

Such is fame!

Style

IT HAS been noted that while some authors, in their more familiar intercourse with society, eagerly free themselves from the fetters of literary style and relax in the colloquial turn of phrase, others are men of letters whenever they take up the pen—if it is only to acknowledge an informal invi-



"The End of the Day's Hunt"

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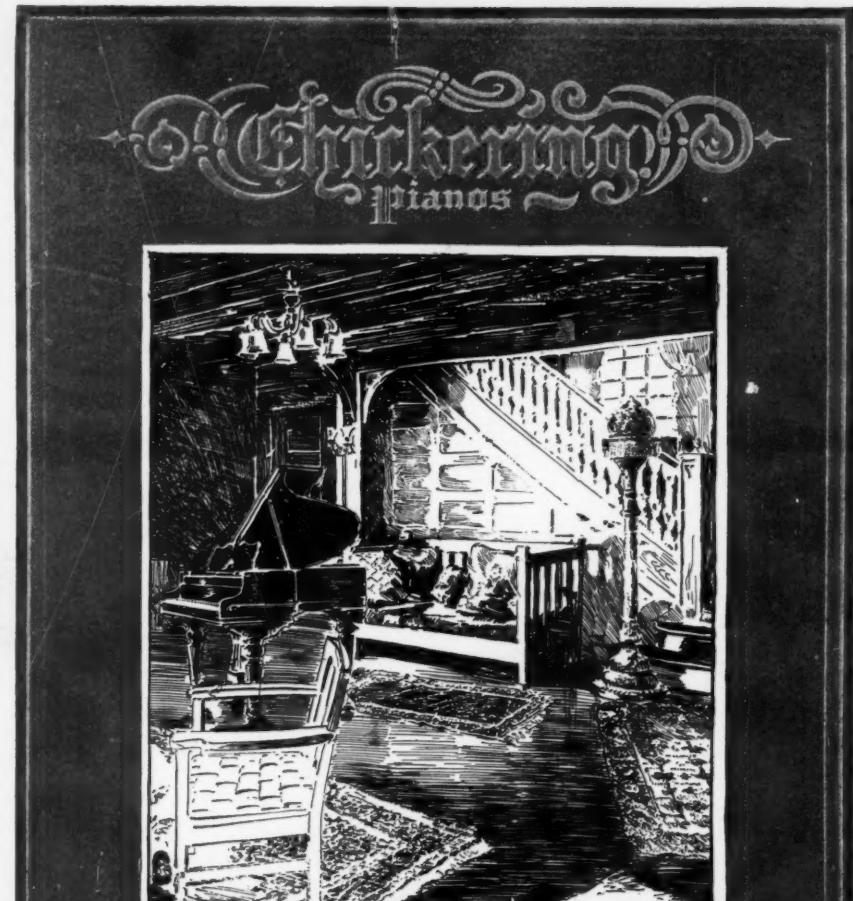
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tation to dinner. Thackeray, for example, in his most trivial correspondence with acquaintances stamped it with the imprint of a studied and perfected manner—never stilted, to be sure, but always the precise product of the bookman. Louis Stevenson, on the other hand, wrote delightful letters, none the less felicitous for unconventional phrasing and a boyish pleasure in artful slang. The "blooming gaseous folly" of his *Cashel Byron* analysis were less easily spared than much premeditated criticism by clumsier hands.

When it comes to public utterances, however, one looks for a certain consistency in the bookish and the social manner of the literary celebrity, and we confess a sympathy with a devoted admirer of Mrs. Wharton's productions who had sought a passing glimpse of that fastidious writer's comfortable estate in Lenox. The respectful visitor, to whom the rights of privacy are sacred, had thought to bestow but a fleeting glance on the mansion of the literary elect, and she ordered the coachman to slacken his horses' pace as he passed the grounds. Steeped in memories of the novelist's style and originality, she turned a reverent gaze toward the dwelling; but a sign at the gate distracted her attention. There was no felicity of phrasing, no distinction of style, no amenity of manner. It simply read:

KEEP OUT!
THIS MEANS YOU!

Robert Louis and Sir Walter

AN INDUSTRIOUS, burrowing genealogist, whose name is overlooked in the republications of his remarkable discovery, has uncovered the information that Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson were kinsmen. The remote relationship, it seems, proceeds from the union of "Auld Watt Scott," of Harden, and Mary Scott, "the flower of Yarrow," in the last half of the sixteenth century. Their son, Sir William, we are told, fathered a line of Scots whose ultimate offspring was Sir Walter; while their daughter Margaret, wedded to Gilbert Elliot, of Stobs, was the progenitress of Stevenson's grandfather, the Rev. Lewis Balfour, D.D., of Colinton.

Robert Louis, it appears, was not himself in possession of these facts. But had he been aware of the connection, we doubt if the sentiment of a family tie would in the least have altered his estimate of Sir Walter: "A great romantic—an idle child." We readers of a later generation—no longer bullied by *ex cathedra* criticism, and unafraid to disclose our secret tastes—are free to speak out bravely our preference for Stevenson over Scott. Is it because the fastidious modern ear is becoming more and more attuned to the harmonies of style, and less patient of lumbering expression? The suggestion will be com-

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bated, and yet vitality of matter has not sufficed to maintain the Waverley novels in that supremacy which criticism is slow to deny them, and which is doubtless their due if we consider them as works of the imagination alone. For all his glow of genius, the pages of Sir Walter's narratives too often seem drab and dusty, while the author of "Treasure Island" clad his creations in garments of delight.

* * *

STEVENSON selected and assembled words with something of that singular and baffling felicity which makes the prose and verse of Shakespeare so bewilderingly inimitable. His literary manner is a conjunction of inspiration with the most unflagging heed of its admonitions and its dues. Whatever the size of his canvas, whatever the reach of his interpretation, the picture was wrought perfectly in its kind. Hence his gentle and qualified intolerance of Scott, who, despite "of the finest creative instinct" could "so often fob us off with languid, inarticulate twaddle"; who "conjured up the romantic with delight, but . . . had hardly patience to describe it." As for a certain slovenly, shambling sentence in the delightfully imaginative "Guy Mannering"—"a man who gave in such copy would be discharged from the staff of a daily paper."

On the whole, we are undecided whether the discovery of our genealogist redounds more to the honor of the author of "Ivanhoe" or of him whom we have joyously followed whether his way led over heather or sea.

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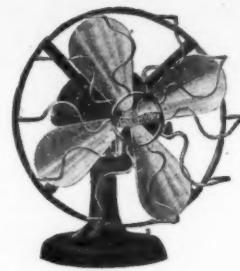
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LIFE



THE WIDOW'S MIGHT

Happy France

THAT only three hundred and forty novels should have been published in France during the year 1906, or fewer than a novel a day, counting Sundays, as one properly may in so very secular a country, this is altogether a sign of happy augury, provided one bears in mind that the best novels do not get themselves published, under modern conditions, but are invariably declined. When we reflect upon our own

swollen output of fiction, in comparison, how shall we not admit that the Old World retains the literary primacy? Frenchmen, at least, may look forward confidently to a rather near future when all their novels, and not merely all but three hundred and forty, shall be of such a superlative character that none will be published, unless, perhaps, at the author's expense; but where is there any such future awaiting us?



• LIFE •

*"While there is Life there's Hope."*

VOL. L AUGUST 1, 1907 No. 1292

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. Mitchell, Pres't. A. Miller, Sec'y and Treas.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

ONE of the interesting complexities of the times is the conflict between the desire of the Haves to stop Federal interference with business and their fear of State railroad legislation to which the only alternative in sight is Federal regulation. From the Interstate Commerce Commission there is something to be hoped for, as well as feared, by the railroad men. The commissioners know something about the railroad business, though, it may be, they do not know enough. And they themselves are known, are in plain sight, and responsible, in so far as their reputations go, for what action they take. They mean to do right—that is pretty generally conceded by the railroad men. But the State legislatures are of all sorts. Some of them know what they are about and some don't. Some of them may be desirous of giving the railroads fair treatment, but most of them are chiefly solicitous to do what their constituents want done. The Interstate Commerce Commission may be the devil, but the State legislatures are the deep, deep sea that has neither bottom nor compunction.

And every extended railroad system runs through many States, each one with a legislature competent to hold it up as it passes. It is bound to happen that the railroads must become, as many of them already are, advocates of Federal regulation of railroads as the only thing that can save their interstate traffic from being held up by the State legislatures.

That the State legislatures will give up any right of regulation that they think they possess is not to be expected, but the States and the Federal Government can hardly have conflicting rights of regulation, and we may reasonably expect the Supreme Court in due time to

determine where the State control of railroads ends and the Federal control begins. None of the recent State railroad legislation has yet come before the Supreme Court, but it is coming, and when it does come we may expect opinions that will put a stop to such exploits as that of the Texas Legislature, which lately passed a law declaring that through trains passing through that State which got more than twelve hours late should be stopped and abandoned. That law, which has been enforced, means that passengers for California on trains that get more than twelve hours behind time in Texas have been forced to leave their trains and wait twelve hours or more until the next train came along. That sort of nonsense, certainly, cannot last long.



BUT every possible duty that the States can attend to, to reasonable advantage, it is important that they should attend to. The disposition so prevalent now to shoulder onto the Federal Government every job that is hard to do, has two dangerous results. It loads up the central government with more duties than it can perform, so that many are neglected, and many more ill done; and it leads the States to neglect their proper business and to lose their lawful and necessary powers by disuse. No doubt a minimum of government, and not the maximum, is the thing to be desired, but in this huge and active and prosperous country the necessary minimum is a very great deal. There is a vast deal of governing—administrative, regulative and protective—to be done, and there is a great deal more hard thinking just now among the hard thinkers as to how it is to continue to be done, and who is to do it. The Federal machinery is badly overtaxed already. Instead of having new burdens thrown on it, it should be relieved in every case possible by increased efficiency of the governmental machinery of the States



WE ARE assured by the California Promotion Committee of San Francisco that a lamentation raised in

this paper about two months ago, over the trying experiences of San Francisco, was all based on misinformation or misunderstanding. The strikes didn't amount to much, there wasn't any check in building operations, there is money enough to go on with, the police protection is very superior, building materials are as cheap as in New York, and labor no higher, and the cost of living is much less.

All is lovely then in San Francisco. Well, we are delighted to hear it, and gladly give space to diffuse the news. And we know that since the Promotion Committee wrote, Mayor Schmitz has been sentenced to a term in prison, and a new and reputable and presumably competent mayor has been put in his place.

We would much rather record good news of San Francisco than bad, and only wish that a larger proportion of the news, good or bad, that comes from that city was a true record of what was going on there.



AFTER two or three months of consideration of various candidates for the Presidency next year the country is somewhat farther from a conclusion than it was before attention began to be given to the subject. On the Republican side Secretary Taft's candidacy is considered to be less promising than it was, and Governor Hughes has gained in prominence. People continue to say that Mr. Root is the fittest man in sight, and continue to add that he could not be nominated, though there is no real reason why he shouldn't. It is conceivable that in the course of the next ten or eleven months the opinion as to the impossibility of running Mr. Root may change.

As for the Democrats, the South has been examined without developing any very imposing Presidential possibility. Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, is now under the microscope. To all appearances he is a man of admirable quality, but how much of a man he is the general public does not yet know. Only one Democrat has really had any advertising, and his candidacy is hopeless. It is recognized now that his brain is neither as large nor so useful as many persons once thought it was, and besides that he has been too continuous and chronic a candidate.



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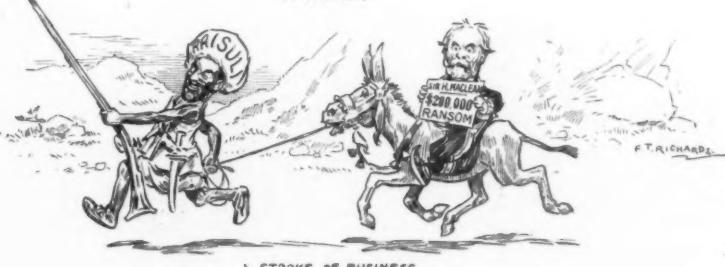
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Soul

SCIENTISTS are somewhat united in giving the soul substantiality, but they differ as to its shape. Some say it is shapeless, and some say it looks like an oyster.

The chances are that it not only looks, but is, to a considerable degree, like an oyster. Anyway, summer girls, who occur precisely in those months which haven't the letter R in their names, are utterly devoid of soul. Surely this is more than a mere coincidence.

History

HISTORY is a by-product. Certain of us cannot make money, progress, much ado about nothing, merry, good, enemies, or, in fact, much of anything, without making history, incidentally. But history is not history merely with the making. It has furthermore to be written up. "Where," says Horace, "would the Trojan war and the wrath of Achilles be, if it were not for Homer?" and he might add, "Where the System, but for Mr. T. W. Lawson?"

History is about the last word to prove that the art of telling the truth is still in its infancy. Nobody knows more things which are not so than the well-informed historian.

History appeals to us powerfully, whether in the form of the fifty-two-page newspaper, or in that of the 117-volume Ridpath. There is more history consumed than anything except tobacco.

History has its practical uses, too. A woman with a history can give a woman with none a rod the start and beat her

out. Particularly, she can get a man's money without marrying him, which makes it a lot more comfortable all round.

The True, and the Beautiful

"TRUE," says Professor James, of Harvard, "is the term applied to whatever is practically profitable to believe," and by that does he not in something rive the fog which just now invests the subject of nature study? Whether or not animals really think, they become vastly more interesting at once we think they think. The man who goes forth in the love of nature and believes that the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air have minds and hearts like human beings, provides himself thereby with the most delightful companionship in the world.

The present controversy seems to have established nothing so clearly as that a man may lack the finer imagination and yet be a very good President of the United States.



LIFE'S FARM



A WASTE OF GOOD MOONLIGHT

On Finding a Robin's Egg Broken

FRAIL tenement of hope, poor empty shell,
Your little inmate from life's door withdrew,
An unpermitted waif who might not dwell
One happy hour within an unknown world;
All that he caught of sky came filtered through
These fragile walls of pale, translucent blue,
Within whose perfect circuit he lay curled,
Stirring with wonder. What beyond his cell
Awaited his delight? He never knew. *George Jay.*

Life's Little Problems

(With *Apologies to Mrs. Wilson Woodrow*)

IT WAS an unusually light session in police court that day. There were only two cases on the docket, but the judge did not care particularly, as he wanted very much to get off early to go to the races.

Of the two cases, one was that of a prominent and influential citizen whom an officious policeman had arrested on the dual complaint of fast driving and running over a little girl with his big six-cylinder automobile. As his case was called, he arose, addressed the judge familiarly by his first name, and, with indignation in his voice, roundly denounced the policeman for his officiousness and characterized his detention as a dastardly outrage. As for the little girl, he declared vehemently that it was entirely her own fault.

The charge against the other man was petty larceny and no

visible means of support. As his case was called, the policeman roughly commanded him to rise, which he did with due humility. In explaining the affair, he admitted that he had stolen a string of sausage from a butcher's shop, but, in extenuation of his deed, he tearfully offered the facts that he was without work, that he and his family were starving and that the pangs of hunger and the suffering of his loved ones had driven him to desperation. He pleaded with the judge not to imprison him for the reason that his family would thus be deprived of the little assistance he had been able to render them.

The judge apparently found little difficulty in rendering decisions in these two cases. One of the men received thirty days and costs and the other received an apology. Which received which? Do you know? *Ellis O. Jones.*

Too Rough

A TRAVELER in the dining-car of a Georgia railroad had ordered fried eggs for breakfast.

"Can't give yo' fried aigs, boss," the negro waiter informed him, "lessem yo' want to wait till we stops."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, de cook he says de road's so rough dat ebery time he tries to fry aigs dey scrambles."

IN THE good old days men burnt witches; now they marry them.

· LIFE ·

The Boy President

Or Rollo in the White House

I

TRUST-BUSTING

The Fourth of March—The Tariff

THE long day was over, the inaugural procession had dragged itself along in front of the stand from which the new President had viewed it.

All the world, in and out of the procession, wore khaki and broad brimmed hats. It ushered in, as Mr. George Holiday had remarked, a New Era.

Rollo found himself with his uncle in a great chamber of the White House. The Boy President had announced his Cabinet prior to his inauguration, and had chosen two of his advisers from among those who had from his childhood guided his footsteps. He made his uncle, Mr. George Holiday, Secretary of State and of the Treasury. It was a new departure to unite these two offices, but, as Mr. Holiday pointed out, it was economical to have one man do the work of two, and Rollo was of the opinion that his uncle by his experience and travel was fitted both for diplomacy and finance.

Mr. George and his nephew had traveled together extensively in Europe for change and rest, and it was Mr. George's



"I am the first Boy President"

wont to say that the waiters got the change and the landlords got the rest, and he always said it with such an air of vivacity and so pleasantly that each time it seemed a novelty.

Now, Jonas, whom it will be remembered had worked as a hired man on Rollo's father's farm, was made by his grateful comrade Secretary of Agriculture and of the Interior. The other officers of State were mere politicians.

"What is a politician?" Rollo asked his uncle, just as the curtain was rising upon our little play.

"A politician," replied Mr. George, "is a statesman who is alive."

Rollo thought deeply for some minutes, an unusual proceeding, since he was accustomed to letting his tongue do his thinking for him.

At last he observed: "Then I am a politician."

"Yes, you certainly are very much alive," replied his uncle, with a humorous expression upon his mouth.

"Of course I am," replied Rollo. "I am the first Boy President."

"Yes," said Uncle George, "we have had boy phenomena of all kinds, such as boy chess players, boy violinists and pianists and boy bandits, but you are the first Boy President."

"Why has there not been a Boy President before me?" asked Rollo.

"Why Rollo," explained Uncle George, "you must know that the Constitution of the United States"—

"The WHAT?" exclaimed Rollo.

"The Constitution of the United States," continued his uncle, "of which Gladstone said"—

"I do not wish to hear what Gladstone said," interrupted Rollo. "What is this Constitution, and what does it say?"

"It says among other things that a man must be thirty-five years of age before he can be elected President of the United States."

"Then, Uncle George," said Rollo, "you must acknowledge that it is a very stupid instrument. Here I am, nowhere near thirty-five years of age, and I have to-day been inaugurated as President. Let me hear no more from you of the Constitution of the United States. But, Uncle George, how did you like my inaugural address? Did you like what I said about busting the Trusts?"

"Yes," replied Mr. George, "but I would bust only bad Trusts. Do not molest or injure those kind, good Trusts which will eat out of your hand."

"But how am I to know the difference between a good Trust and a bad Trust?" asked Rollo. "If I should happen to bust the wrong kind, I would naturally feel some chagrin, as you say, though what you mean by that expression I never knew."

"Well," replied Mr. George, "no one has ever busted a Trust yet, good or bad; but, if in your attack you happen to hit one in a vital spot I have no doubt but that a post-mortem examination"—

"A what?" asked Rollo.

"A post-mortem examination," repeated Mr. George.

"I have often asked you to speak American to me," said



"How could I ever get at the Trust unless I first attacked the wall which defends it?"

Rollo; "my Greek is rusty. What do you mean by those words?"

"Well, I mean this: If, after busting a Trust, you examine the pieces, you may find something to justify the busting."

"Whether the Trust was a good or a bad one?" asked Rollo.

"A Trust," replied Mr. George, "is unlike whisky. There is no such thing as bad whisky; 'some whiskies are better than other whiskies,' as the Kentucky general said, and some Trusts are worse than others, but all are really bad."

"Ahem!" said Rollo; "then it is clearly decided that I shall try to bust any Trust I come across, and take my chances of its being a good or bad Trust?"

"Yes; but you must be careful how you meddle with the Tariff," said Mr. George. "When you come to Trust-busting, you will find that almost every Trust is inside of a wall, which they call the Tariff."

"Then I think that the Tariff should be the first thing to be attacked," said Rollo; "for how could I ever get at the Trust unless I first attacked the wall which defends it?"

"Oh, the wall is the thing which makes the Trust, I mean the Great American People, prosperous," interposed Mr. George, with considerable emphasis.

For Mr. George was a Stand-Patter.

"When you say Trust, does that mean the Great American People?" asked Rollo.

"Well, one cannot exist without the other," replied Mr. George.

Rollo was puzzled.

"I do not see how," he finally said, "I could ever get at a Trust so long as its wall is not to be touched by me."

"You might turn a searchlight upon it and call it bad names," suggested Mr. George. "Every one calls Trusts bad names and has shares in them. I have a few in some myself."

"WHAT!" thundered the Boy President.

"I had a few, I should say," faltered Mr. George, "but I sold them on taking office."

"Offices, you mean," said Rollo.

"You insisted upon my taking two," said Mr. George. "In the feeble condition of my health I thought that one was too much."

"Enough of that," said Rollo. "But tell me, if the Trust is not busted by the searchlight and by the bad names, what shall I do next?"

"Hire Special Counsel and have its Office Boy indicted," replied Mr. George. *John T. Wheelwright.*

(To be continued)

History of Our Late War with Japan

ON THE morning of December 1st all was in readiness. Our fleet having been dispatched to the Philippines, and the newspapers worked up to a fever heat, nothing remained but to notify Leonard Wood and the Japanese Government.

Congress was convened, and voted that fifty millions be immediately placed at the disposal of the Army, Navy and United States Steel Company. A special commission was sent on to Newport, Tuxedo, Upper Fifth Avenue, and other well-known social centers, to secure enough brigadier-generals to add dignity to the army in case the war should take place on land.

The agent of the Standard Oil Company in Manila was promptly cabled.

The cause of the war is not known. But it is supposed to have been an editorial in the *Evening Post* praising the Administration.

The Republican convention met in the right wing of the White House and nominated Theodore Roosevelt for a third term.

He accepted only on the ground that the country couldn't get along without him.

In the meantime, a Seeing New York automobile, containing the regular army, had been dispatched to the Pacific coast. There being no room for them in the San Francisco jails, they were put up at the hotels.

Collier's Weekly now asked for a delay of a couple of weeks, until they could get their correspondents together.

The first naval engagement took place off Tokio. Both navies having been destroyed in three-quarters of an hour, the war was postponed until new ones could be built. In the meantime, everybody who was anybody bought stocks, it being generally thought there would be a gradual rise in the market.

NODD: When I want to get rid of my wife for a few days, I just send for my relatives.

TODD: But how do you get rid of your relatives?

The Nursery Governess

THE British public is beginning to think it is being looked after almost too tenderly by the guardians of its minor morals. It is making little lists of plays which the Lord Chamberlain and the Dramatic Censor have, between them, barred out of English theatres. It is making little lists of books which conscientious librarians have deemed dangerous to English readers. And it is murmuring feebly that its nursery rules are a trifle rigid, and that its governesses are almost too severe.

Perhaps the ban upon the "Mikado" roused this mild spirit of rebellion. Perhaps the gentlemen who refused to admit "Westward Ho" into the school library of Tilbury may be held responsible for some dissatisfaction. Perhaps the chaste librarian who feared that "Mary Barton" might bring a blush to the cheek of youth has set the world agape. There is a misty notion in England that all good Protestants ought to read "Westward Ho" when they are young (no adult man or woman could hope to finish it); and to see this bulwark of the Church branded as ineligible because it sings the praises of tobacco is wounding to the nation's sensibilities. "The Daisy Chain," it is darkly hinted, will be the next book placed upon the Index.

We in this land of freedom have no official censor—no one who is paid \$4,000 a year to forbid our seeing plays; but we have so many sensitive interests to be offended, that providing dramas for the American public is like a species of egg-dance. In tranquil Philadelphia the negroes have driven one melodrama from the stage; and a performance of "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" by the Browning Society has filled the air with the virtuous protests of the scandalized. It is a comfort to be told with all due solemnity by



"THE BALD-HEADED ROW"



VESTRYMAN JONES WAS RECENTLY SEEN BALLOONING ON SUNDAY AND WAS LATER SUSPENDED FROM THE CHURCH

a New York paper that Mr. Mansfield's eight-year-old son has written a play. We hope the youth and innocence of the author will insure its being irreproachable.

In the meantime, "Advanced Vaudeville" has taken possession of the land, and apparently gives universal satisfaction. Here at least is a panacea for all evils. Here is a pastime which pleases everybody. When, in the spring, the glad news passed from town to town that a young Englishwoman was coming to sing us "Never Introduce a Bloke to Your Lady Friend," we knew that, even

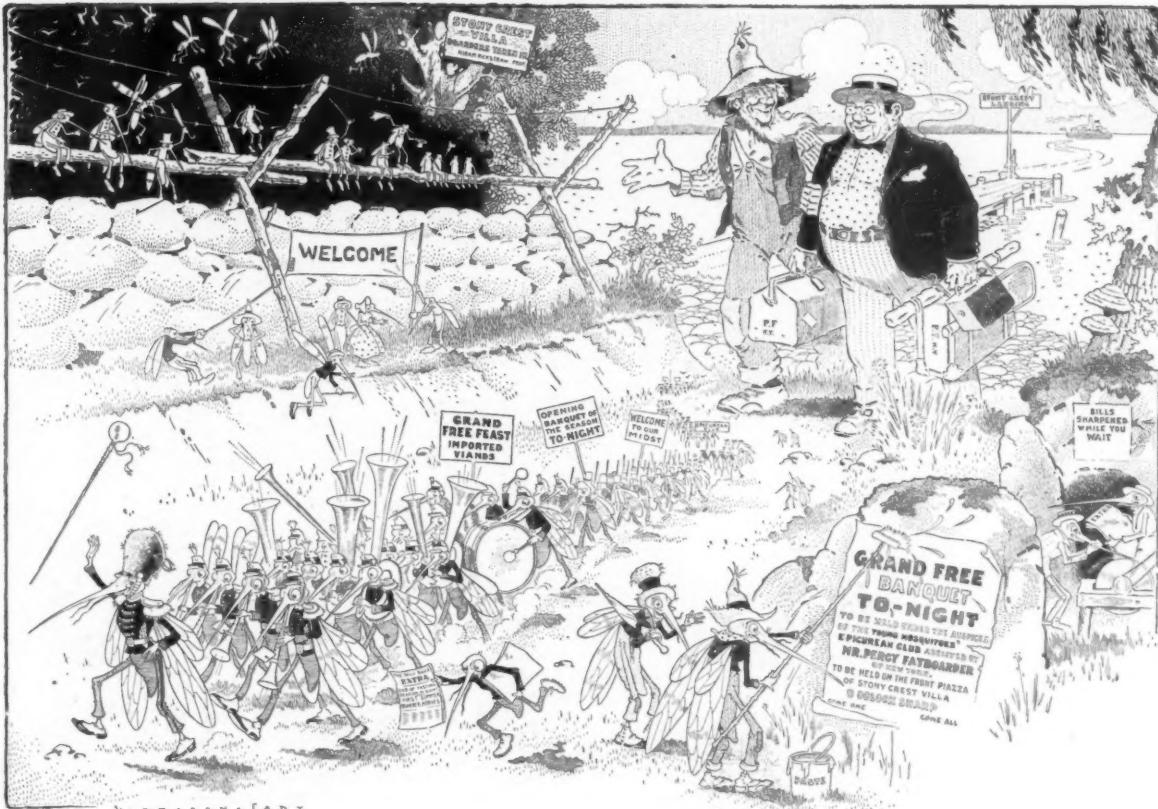
if the obsolete drama vanished from the stage, we should still be left the intellectual pleasures of the music hall.

Agnes Repplier.

Defined

BURGLAR TRUST MANAGER: You will be required to turn night into day; to throw aside all sentiment; to enter the house of the best families regardless of their feelings; to act the hypocrite, and if necessary to go to jail.

APPLICANT: Um. You don't want an ordinary burglar. What you want is a newspaper reporter.



THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE WELCOMES THE FIRST SUMMER BOARDER TO STONY CREST LANDING

What We Want

THE people of this country wanted the Standard Oil Company, and they got it. They wanted railroad accidents, and they got them. They wanted slavery, and they got it, and when they got tired of it, they got rid of it. They wanted Carnegie and his tariff, and they got it. They wanted child labor, crowded tenements, congested schools, crooked insurance companies, high-priced surgeons, hypocritical vivisectionists, Wall Street juggling and rotten excursion boats, and they got them.

In this little world of ours, we are pretty likely to get what we want, if we keep at it. If a man wants to be a drunkard more than he wants not to be, then he usually gets what he wants. If he wants to marry an extravagant wife

and wants to work his brain away to keep her in good clothes; if he wants to neglect his children and leave their care to others; if he wants to eat adulterated food, listen to adulterated sermons, read cheap and trashy and hastily written books, he always gets what he wants.

There's no use for a few people in the minority to cry because there's so little honesty in the high places; because cruelty and indifference to others' rights go their royal way serene and undisturbed. If we wanted an income tax to-morrow, we would get it. If we wanted clean, wholesome, well-ventilated schools, we would have them. If we wanted slowly written, genuine art works of literature, we would get them.

Create a demand for honesty, and some inventive genius will supply it.

Create a demand for civic virtue, and factories will turn it out over night.

Create a demand for the simple life, and you can buy it for a song on any street corner.

If all the hysterical, semihysterical and ordinary-fad women of the country, instead of running around, constantly joining new clubs and forming new bridge circles, would put their minds together for six months or so on the education and physical equipment of all the poor children—if these women would just be sorry for awhile—then the little white slaves of the South would melt away like snow in April.

Why is it that we are the richest people on the face of the earth? Because we want to be. Why is it that our sentiments are cheap, our egotism is so self-complacent, our cruelties are so tawdry, our art is nothing-better-than-horse-play, our religion a makeshift? Because we have ordered these things that way.

The existing order of things is good enough for us. We wanted it. We got it. And when we get tired of it, we will change it. We'll nurse our children and stop spoiling them. Also, we'll stop being nervous.

• LIFE •

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AT THE MIR HOTEL
IT ISN'T POPULARITY A THUN-

LIFE ·



THE MIR HOTEL
PULARIT A THUNDER-STORM



MIDSUMMER MADNESS; OR THE CALL OF THE OPEN

Who Would Make the Worst President— And Why?

\$50 in Cash Will Be Given for the Cleverest Answer to the Above Question

No answer should exceed 200 words.

Each contestant may send in as many answers as he or she desires.

LIFE will publish, as soon as possible, after they are received, those answers which in the opinion of the editors are worthy of publication.

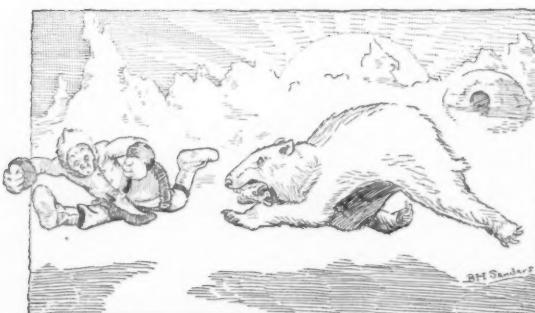
All answers must be received on or before September 16th, 1907: the answer which in the judgment of the Editors is the best will be awarded the prize.

All manuscripts must be typewritten on one side of paper.

The contestant's name and address should be plainly written on each manuscript.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

Manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, in case the author desires their return.



POLAR EXPEDITION

Wm. R.'s "Libel Class"

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of Lawson, and of Mother Eddy, and have not Standard Oil, I am become as sounding brass, or a wrinkling hymnal.

And though I have the gift of hypocrisy, and understand all Insurance policies, and all Trusts, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove the rock of Gibraltar, and have not Standard Oil, I am nothing.

Standard Oil never faileth; but whether there be Banks, they shall fail; whether there be newspapers, they shall cease; whether there be investigators, they shall vanish away.

And now abideth faith, hope, Standard Oil, these three, but the greatest of these is Standard Oil.



AFTER BRINGING HIM OUT HERE SHE WONDERS WHETHER HE WILL HAVE SAND ENOUGH TO PROPOSE

A Growing Plaint

I TOOK a share in a garden,
And got a dreadful shock,
When I found the canny gardener
Had watered all the stock.

College Presidents—New Style

PHILANDER BOGGS, D.D., President of the University of Arkana, has just received the degree LL.D. from Yarvard. President Boggs, by his recent action in raising \$250,000 in three weeks, has well merited this honor and at the same time has placed his institution among the foremost of the land.

The University of West Spottsylvania was scarcely known in the world of educators when Professor Elbert Hannis stepped in at the helm. Under his scholarly management the board of directors have built the finest college gymnasium in the country and James T. Skinner, the eminent railroad manipulator, is reported to be about to give another five millions.

Dr. Lemuel Hicks, Ph.D., President of Biggs College, is generally considered the leading educator of the present day. His latest educational triumph is a magnificent college theatre from J. Q. Johansen, the eminent bed-quilt magnate.

When that sterling educator, Boxall

Webster, took charge of the Hilldale Seminary there was scarcely a dollar in the treasury. Now there are five new buildings and bequests have been streaming in so fast that it has been necessary to buy a new safe. President Webster is undoubtedly a leader in modern thought.

Lovers of learning will rejoice to hear that Dr. P. Hiram Rawbuck, the scholarly President of Hawkins College, has just received the degree of Litt. D. from his alma mater. President Rawbuck's reputation in the field of letters was made last spring, when he raised a million dollars in seven days for the new students' dance hall.

In Farthest North*Commodore Peary and His Recent Expedition*

LIFE is glad to report that Commodore Peary has been successful in his exploring trip.

He was persuaded to give up his attempt to find the North Pole, on consideration of something much more hazardous.

For months he has been out trying to reach Vice-President Fairbanks.

The expedition was fully equipped.

The Vice-President has always been an inscrutable mystery. It was thought that

if the truth were given to the world America would receive the benefit.

Commodore Peary started out in the Roosevelt.

At the end of the tenth day icebergs were seen.

In one month they began using dogs.

In six weeks' time Peary was shaking hands with Fairbanks. The thermometer was between 100 degrees and 200 degrees below.

In Vice-President's land it was ascertained that there is no sun at all. It is all as dark as the mystery of Amalgamated Copper earnings.

Peary said no flowers grew anywhere, bouquets being unknown. The inhabitants live on cold air and crumbs.

Aside from having his fingers frost-bitten when he shook hands, Peary is better than might be expected, considering his hardships. He expects, however, to take a trip to the North Pole to recuperate.

A Correction

WAITER (*in New York restaurant*): We do not serve half portions to two persons, sir.

PATRON: Yes, you do, only you charge for a full one.

Arthur and His Toys

ONCE more little Arthur, the boy magnate, was looking forward to another birthday and his father and mother were at their wits' end to know what to get him.

"This time, mamma dear," he had said, "I want a pet—some one I can love and who will follow me around and romp and play with me and be a real nice companion."

Arthur's mother told his father of his wish, and for days there was a puzzled silence and many mysterious whispers were exchanged. At last on the morning of the great day the secret was out.

"There," said Arthur's father proudly, as he led out his gift. "See, Arthur, dear, what I have got you for your birthday. There is a tame Railroad President, all the way from Iowa."

"I hope," said Arthur's mother, "that you will take good care of him. You must feed him regularly, Arthur, and be sure and watch him closely, because I believe they are very destructive."

"What does he eat?" asked Arthur, who was transfixed with delight.

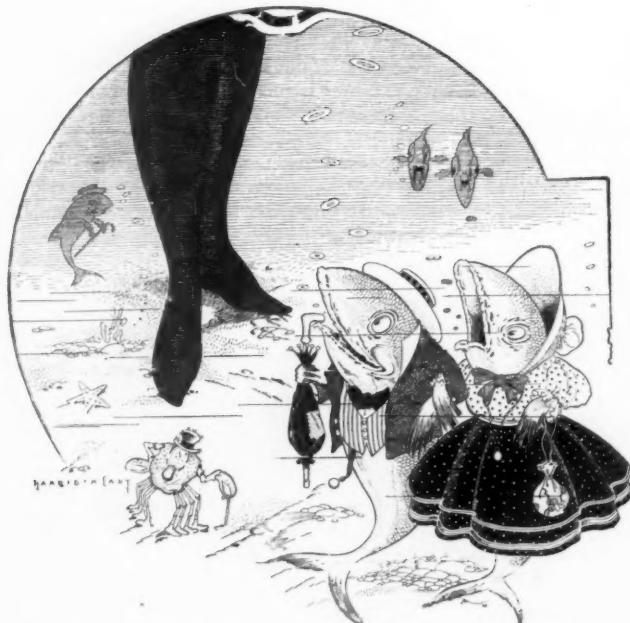
"Bond issues, mostly," replied Arthur's father. "But almost any kind of security will do. And don't forget to give him plenty of water. He might die if you didn't give him water."

Arthur took his pet out in the back yard to play, but after a while he came running back, crying.

"The boys in the next house," he cried, "say he's a mongrel."

"Don't you mind what they say," said his father, soothingly; "that's only because they are envious. He comes of the Harri man strain—pure blooded stock."

"What shall I name him?" asked Arthur.



"THE BRAZEN HUSSY! COME RIGHT AWAY, EZRA SHAD!"

"Why not call him Liar?"

"Here Liar, Liar," cried Arthur, bounding out with the frisky Railroad President.

It was very interesting to see Arthur and his new pet playing together. Since the new pet had come Arthur's Teddybear stood lonely in the corner, growling disconsolately to himself.

Arthur taught his Railroad President to eat out of his hand, to play "Tag, You're It," and to play dead, and then jump up suddenly and frighten everybody out of their wits. He taught him to fetch and carry railroad ties and play "Ring Around the Dividends," and chase common people.

One day, however, a neighbor who lived in the next block and who kept Wall Street lambs on his estate—for he was in the same class with Arthur's father—missed one and he came over and complained about it.

"I am afraid that Railroad President of yours has taken one of my pet lambs," he said. "Fortunately they had just been fleeced. Still I value them highly."

Arthur stoutly defended his pet at first, and said he didn't believe he would do such a thing, but when his father came home and he told him, that gentleman said right away, "He did it, Arthur. You may be sure. That's the trouble with those railroad presidents—they are voracious and have no morals anyway, and they love little lambs."

That night Arthur's pet was tied up, but he howled so pitifully that every one thought he was being murdered, and out of compassion Arthur had to let him loose. In a moment, however, he was off. And sure enough, the next morning another lamb was missing.

"It's no use," said Arthur's father, as he wrote out a check. "You can't break him of the habit. He's as nice and gentle and lovable as can be around home, and when he is having his own way, and any one would think to see him that he was pure as the driven snow. But I can look ahead and see that he is going to get us into all sorts of trouble."

Arthur's father was right. From this time onward reports began to come in of the depredations of Arthur's pet. Several children had been murdered in cold blood. And, in fact, the whole district had been robbed and more or less devastated.

There seemed to be no hope for anybody unless Arthur's pet was gotten rid of. And no matter how he had been chained up, he always succeeded in breaking loose.

One day, however, when Arthur's father and mother were in despair, not knowing what to do, Arthur came running in, crying as if his little magnetic heart would break.

"It's all over with," he sobbed. "Liar is killed. He got too fresh yesterday and thought he could fight almost anything. But he had an argument with a Teddybear, and the Teddybear hugged him to death."

His father, with tears of hidden joy, drew Arthur to him.

"Never mind, Arthur dear. It was an act of Providence."

"It's pretty tough on me," said Arthur.

"Maybe it is, my son," replied his father soothingly. "But you mustn't look at it that way. You must consider that if Liar had lived, there probably wouldn't have been anything left of the rest of us."



(A Fantasy Composed in a New York Restaurant)

TIP-TIP THE FIEND came forth from hell
And went to a restaurant.
His eyes were fire and a mad desire
Flamed from his features gaunt,
As he tipped the porter at the door
And the boy who took his hat,
And he sang the strain of a tip-refrain
From the table where he sat:

"Tip-Tip the Tipper I be, I be,
And I am the imp who invented the fee
Which started the tipping law;
So it's slip a tip in the tipsy grip
Of the tip-ical waiter who takes your tip
With a tip-tip-tip hurrah!"

Tip-Tip the Fiend ate little meat,
But he spent full thousand dimes;
Small was the need, though he blithely feed
The waiter forty times,
And his pocketbook he sent to the cook
With a rollicking Croesus grace,
And a fat green roll to the ruddy and droll
Proprietor of the place.
"Tip-Tip the Terror I be," said he,
"And the world hereafter must follow me
At filling a boundless maw,
As they slip a tip in the tipsy grip
Of the tip-ical waiter who takes their tip
With a tip-tip-tip hurrah!"

Tip-Tip the Fiend at last went back
To the place where his kind belong,
But he'd done the deed and had sown the seed
Of madness among the throng,
And the cry, "Tip-Tip!" was a ghastly quip
The length and breadth of the land,
While the rich grew poor through bribing
the boor

At the Sign of the Outstretched Hand.

Tip-Tip the Habit doth still remain—
We all object, but we none refrain
In the moment of awful awe,
When we slip a tip in the tipsy grip
Of the tip-ical funkey who takes our tip
With a tip-tip-tip hurrah!

Wallace Irwin.

Music and Literature



WHY is it that the severest music finds a ready market in America, whereas literature has to wanton or it starves?

Well, for one thing, though every dog has undoubtedly his day, it is seldom, if ever, that two dogs, of breeds so diverse, have their days simultaneously. For another thing, severe literature hasn't learned the trick of bestowing cheap distinction on its votaries. Finally, literature is, by its inherent limitations, excluded from the select company of things which may be made to supply the dressy with the occasion for dressing.

The circumstance of music having charms to soothe the savage breast counts for less than some imagine. Savage breasts are not common. We have our narrow chests and our snowy bosoms, but the savage breast is a negligible quantity in any discussion of the status of the arts.

The Important Work

"WHO is that thin, starved-looking little woman who hurries by here early every morning, and hurries back late every evening?"

"She? Oh, she's a school-teacher. She gets about forty dollars a month for handling a roomful of children."

"And who is that big, fat, well-dressed man who strolls by here now and then, smoking a good cigar and looking at ease with life?"

"He? Why, he's an inspector of ash-barrels, or something like that. He gets two hundred a month from the city."

Due Process of Law

AT THE time of the famous Eastman trial in Cambridge, Mass., two Irishmen, standing on a street corner, were overheard discussing the trial. One of them was trying to enlighten the other concerning a jury.

"Bedad!" he explained. "You're arrested. Thin if ye gets th' shmartest lawyer, ye're innocent; but if th' other man gets th' best lawyer, ye're guilty."



Life's little ironies'

• LIFE •



M. P. WILLCOCKS'S novel, *The Wingless Victory*, in spite of a tough rind and a shell none too smooth or easily cracked, contains meat enough to fully pay for the picking. It is a story of Devon, sufficiently dramatic and objective to carry the unanalytical reader interestedly to its quite natural and satisfactory conclusion. But there is more to it than this. Its men are tangible, externally, and as knowable as one's casual acquaintances. But its women are its real creations and it is to them and the author's interpretation through them of some of the struggles and puzzles of life that one looks back with that added insight which is the true criterion of fictional value.

Dimbie and I, by Mabel Barnes-Grundy, is an honest and yet deliberate appeal to the sensibilities of the morbid sentimental. It takes the form of a diary kept by a young wife fatally injured in an accident, and trying with a childlike, groping and self-pitying sort of bravery to keep her face above water. One enjoys it (if one does enjoy it) just as one enjoys a funeral; or as one might enjoy sitting by a snared rabbit and weeping self-appreciatively over the inscrutable cruelty of divine goodness.

The Williamsons (of automobile antecedents) have stepped definitely out of the touring car into the land of romance in their new and spirited story of *The Princess Virginia*. This is a Zenda story with a difference. For while the little idyl plays itself to a finish in an unlocatable empire, it is a love story undisguised, and calls to its aid neither feudalism, nor sword-play, nor the, by now, somewhat over familiar thank-you-ma'am of unequal birth. In short it is just a bright, amusing, up to date impossibility.

There are quite an astonishing number of books coming out nowadays addressed more or less directly to would-be writers. Some of them are frankly utilitarian. Manuals of angling. Telling how to catch the publisher and how to land the public. Others have a certain critical value. For instance Evelyn

May Albright's treatise on *The Short Story*, which can be read profitably by both suppliers and consumers of magazine fiction. Its analyses are simple and sound and its illustrations and references widely and well chosen. It is both readable and directive.

Others, as for example John L. Given's *Making a Newspaper*, have an interest based upon the satisfying of a natural curiosity. The book contains, perhaps, too much professional advice for the mere layman, and too much description for the would-be professional, but one can take what concerns one and leave the rest. It certainly gives a vivid picture of what goes to the placing of the morning paper on the breakfast table.

The story of a social and professional rivalry between two provincial English physicians and their wives, told by Warwick Deeping in *A Woman's War*, is one of those distressing novels which attempts no hold upon our attention except a serious one and is nevertheless quite unworthy of serious attention. The author hates his sinners without understanding them and retouches his saints like a professional photographer; while he moralizes about both with solemn superficiality.

Congressman Pumphrey, the People's Friend is the title of a little satire written by John T. McCutcheon around a dozen and a half of his cartoons and outlining the political education of a patriot. Mr. McCutcheon's text is a good deal like his drawings which, like certain breeds of dog, are good because they are so homely.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Wingless Victory, by M. P. Willcocks. (The John Lane Company. \$1.50.)

Dimbie and I, by Mabel Barnes-Grundy. (The Baker and Taylor Company. \$1.50.)



The Duck: COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE!
The Sea-Gull: NO, THANKS; I'M A DEEP-SEA SAILOR!

The Princess Virginia, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

The Short Story, by Evelyn May Albright. (The Macmillan Company. \$90.)

Making a Newspaper, by John L. Given. (Henry Holt and Company.)

A Woman's War, by Warwick Deeping. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Congressman Pumphrey, the People's Friend, by John T. McCutcheon. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

Appropriate Bathing Places

LAME man—A limpid lake.

Deaf man—A sound.

Blind man—A sea.

Sick man—A well.

Baseball crank—A run.

Fireman—A stream.

Inebriate—A tank (or the Falls).

A crook—A strait.

Gambler—A pool.

Pawnbroker—A pond.

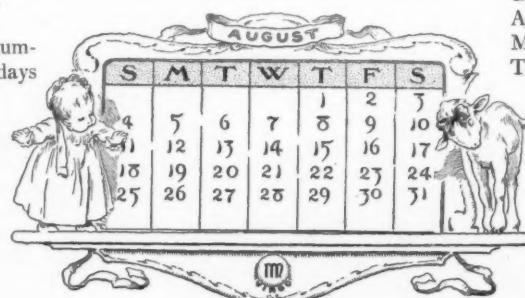
Shoemaker—A creek.

Burglar—The breakers.

An athlete—A spring.

Messenger boy—The rapids.

The Czar—The surf.



"YOU cannot marry my daughter, sir, until her education is completed."

"But her education can't be completed until after she has married me."

Dimpleton Stays at Home

(*A Story with a Real Moral*)

MRS. DIMPLETON looked at her husband wistfully. They were eating their breakfast by gaslight, owing to Dimpleton's early office hours.

"You never see anything of the children," she said, "and as for myself"—

"I know it," said Dimpleton, shortly. "But I don't see how it can be helped. I certainly can't neglect my business, especially in these days, when there is so much competition."

He rose hurriedly, preparing to get away. Mrs. Dimpleton rose with him. She looked desperate.

"The only time I have ever seen anything of you," she said, "was on our honeymoon, and just think!—that was twelve years ago. You did use to stay home a little. But now it's hurry, hurry, all the time. What's the use of living together at all, when you have so little time to give to your family?"

Dimpleton paused in the act of putting on his coat.

"My dear," he exclaimed, "don't you suppose I feel this thing just as keenly as you do? Don't I miss you and the children? Is it pleasant for me to hustle like this? But I've got to support you. I've got to keep moving."

"Well, I don't like it. I'd rather get along with less. When you've accumulated a fortune we'll both be so old we won't be able to enjoy it. Besides, all these years when we ought to be enjoying each other will be wasted. But go on! I know you can't stop to listen. Don't mind me and the children"—

Dimpleton had been edging slowly toward the door as she was speaking. Even under the stress of her evident emotion he appeared—as, indeed, he was—to be thinking of other things. His mind, indeed, was not there. It had already preceded him. It had sped swiftly on out along the streets to his distant office and was on the morning's mail. But at sight of her tears it came back with a rush.

Dimpleton went up to his wife and put his arms around her.

"My dear!" he repeated, "don't you suppose I feel this thing as keenly as you do? But I'm glad you've said what you did. It sha'n't go on! Something must be done! You are right. There is something besides money. I'll think it over. We must certainly have time enough to love each other. Life is short. Let's make the most of it. Rely on me. And now, au revoir. I simply *must* go. But I'll try to come home early."

Kissing her, he slipped swiftly away, almost running down the street in his anxiety to catch a car.

All that day Mrs. Dimpleton moved mournfully about. Their unsatisfactory interview of the morning had produced anything upon her but a cheerful impression. There had been others like them in the past, and nothing had ever come of them. Life seemed pretty hopeless.

And as the hour for her husband's usual home-coming,

late as it was, came and passed, this sense of hopelessness increased.

Suddenly, however, while she sat absorbed in these unhappy reflections, the door slowly opened and Dimpleton appeared.

But not the Dimpleton of the morning. Instead, there stood before her a new, rejuvenated husband. His face was radiant.

"Hooray!" he exclaimed. "I've done it at last. It's all arranged."

"What is?"

"Why, what we were talking about this morning. That's
Continued on page 156



"He smoked all the time"

LIFE

what made me a little late to-night—fixing up a few little odds and ends. Isn't it lovely?"

"What have you done—not given up your business?"

"Certainly not. But I've arranged to stay at home for a couple of weeks or even longer—just to get acquainted with all of you. Think of it, darling! Home, in the bosom of my family. Isn't it grand! No more hurry. Just a regular home-loving, great old time!"

They clasped each other fervently.

"It seems almost too good to be true," murmured Mrs. Dimpleton. "I was afraid you didn't care as much about it as I did—that you really would rather be away."

"Nonsense! you dear, sweet thing. It was only my love for you that made me work so hard. But this marks a new era. And now for the best time in the world!"

It seemed strange to Dimpleton the next morning not to be hurrying off. Breakfast, of course, was thirty minutes later. Dimpleton got up at his usual time—from force of habit. Heretofore, he had either taken it alone or with Mrs. Dimpleton, the children not being dressed; but now, at last, they were all together—little Jack on one side and Mildred on the other.

"This is fine—fine!" said Dimpleton, rubbing his hands together with glee. "I've had actually time to tie my tie decently, and I'm hungry as a wolf."

On her part, Mrs. Dimpleton was beaming. Certainly it was a grand occasion.

After it was over, her husband took the morning paper and slipped noiselessly upstairs into the library, where Mrs. Dimpleton surprised him a few moments later, absorbed in a financial article and puffing a huge cigar.

"Why, I didn't know you ever smoked in the morning," she said. "I thought you only smoked one cigar a day—after dinner."

Dimpleton had been smoking on the average ten cigars a day for the last ten years. But he rose rapidly to the occasion.

"This," he said, "is a special day. You see, my dear, it makes me feel so good that I'm—well, kind of letting myself loose."

He smiled a bright, careless smile. He was preparing for the future.

"You needn't be surprised," he said, "if you see me smoking two or even three cigars a day right along. One can always smoke so much more when one is loafing. I do it Sundays, you know."

Mrs. Dimpleton recalled the fact that this was so—that her husband always—that is, according to him—smoked more on Sunday.

"Well," she said, "I suppose you are so busy at the office you don't have time."

"That's it, that's it. No time for anything."

He looked gratefully at his wife. It's always so much easier to tell a conscientious lie when you are started off. Doubtless Dimpleton felt that to have undeviated his wife would have been a positive rudeness.

"I suppose it's all right—as long as it doesn't hurt you. But be careful of the ashes—don't get them around—the maid is awfully cranky. And now, what are you going to do?"

"Do? Anything you say. I'm your slave. What can you suggest?"

"Well, there's something the matter with the laundry stove, and the furnace needs looking after—I don't think the man understands it—and the lock is loose on the cellar door. The butler's pantry window catch doesn't work. And there are a lot more things I can't think of."

"Splendid! I'll do 'em all! I'll go over the house from top to bottom. I'll adjust any little thing. Isn't it simply delightful to have the opportunity to really take some practical interest in one's home. Oh, how I love you!"

They embraced again, and then Dimpleton put on an old coat and began his examination. He spent nearly an hour in looking for a toolbox—which he didn't find. And then, suddenly, while he was gazing into the depths of the laundry stove, it occurred to him that he simply must have another cigar. He cautiously shut the door leading out into the cellar, drew one forth from his pocket and lighted it furiously. For some moments he puffed and puffed.

"Darling!"

Dimpleton jumped as if he had been shot.

"Darling!"

His wife's voice was growing nearer. Hastily laying his smoking cigar on the edge of a projecting brick and shaking out his clothes as

he ran, he rushed upstairs. He met his wife just in time. She was just descending into the cellar.

"Don't you think, dear, you'd better put on a sweater or a coat? That cellar is so damp. You may catch cold. Oh! Isn't that something burning? It smells like tobacco."

"It is tobacco," replied Dimpleton, calmly. "What do you suppose I discovered? That miserable wretch who has been taking care of our furnace has been smoking in the cellar, and I found a lot of his cigar-stumps hidden away—where do you think?—in the laundry stove—on top—that's what's the matter with it—no draft. I'll discharge him—I'm burning 'em up."

"Strange, I never noticed it. What awful cigars!"

"Aren't they? Of course you didn't notice it. Took advantage of your absence. But come up-stairs and help me on with my sweater."

Dimpleton spent the next hour or so making a careful survey of the premises, smoking furtively out of neither windows or in dark holes and corners. A few moments before luncheon he came up-stairs. His hands were black with soot, also there were beauty spots on his face.

"My dear, I've discovered a horrible condition of things. It's a good thing I stayed home to-day. Just in the nick of time. We've been imposed upon. The furnace is being slowly but surely ruined. And as for the kitchen range—well, that cook has been raising Cain with it."

Mrs. Dimpleton turned pale.

"Have you been in the kitchen?"

"Have I! Well, I should say I had. It takes a man to do these things. I've laid down the law to her. I think she's going—hope she is—never mind—I'll get you another—don't worry—can't have my property ruined—stove red hot—bricks burned out—kitchen sink punctured—window-catches broke—awful!"

Mrs. Dimpleton, who had been on the third floor all the morning making a child's dress, waited to hear no more. She rushed into the kitchen, from which, in a few moments, she emerged.

"She's going," she said, mournfully. "Why couldn't you have waited, dear? She was a good girl. I could have made her do anything. Oh, dear, they are so hard to get. She says she won't have a man around the kitchen—that you've insulted her."

"Me! Me insult a woman! When I'm being robbed right and left. I like that. But don't you care. It will be all right."

Luncheon was eaten in semisilence. After it was over, Dimpleton started for the library. His wife stopped him.

"Where are you going, dear?"

"Up-stairs—just to take a little rest. Anything you want?"

"Well, yes. I thought you wouldn't mind amusing the children."

"Oh, certainly not. Delighted. I thought I'd smoke a little cigar first, if you didn't mind."

"What! Another!"

"Oh, well, I don't care anything about it, of course."

"It does make so much work—the ashes get around and the smoke seems to saturate everything."

"All right, all right."

Jack and Mildred were interesting children. Dimpleton had always spoken and thought of them with a proper pride. On Sunday mornings, when he felt comparatively fresh, he had romped with them with genuine parental enthusiasm.

Now, however, robbed of his cigar and tired with the unusual character of his morning's work, he was in no mood to be entertaining.

First the children wanted him to tell them stories.

Then they wanted him to read to them.

Then they wanted him to tell them all the things he did when he was a boy.

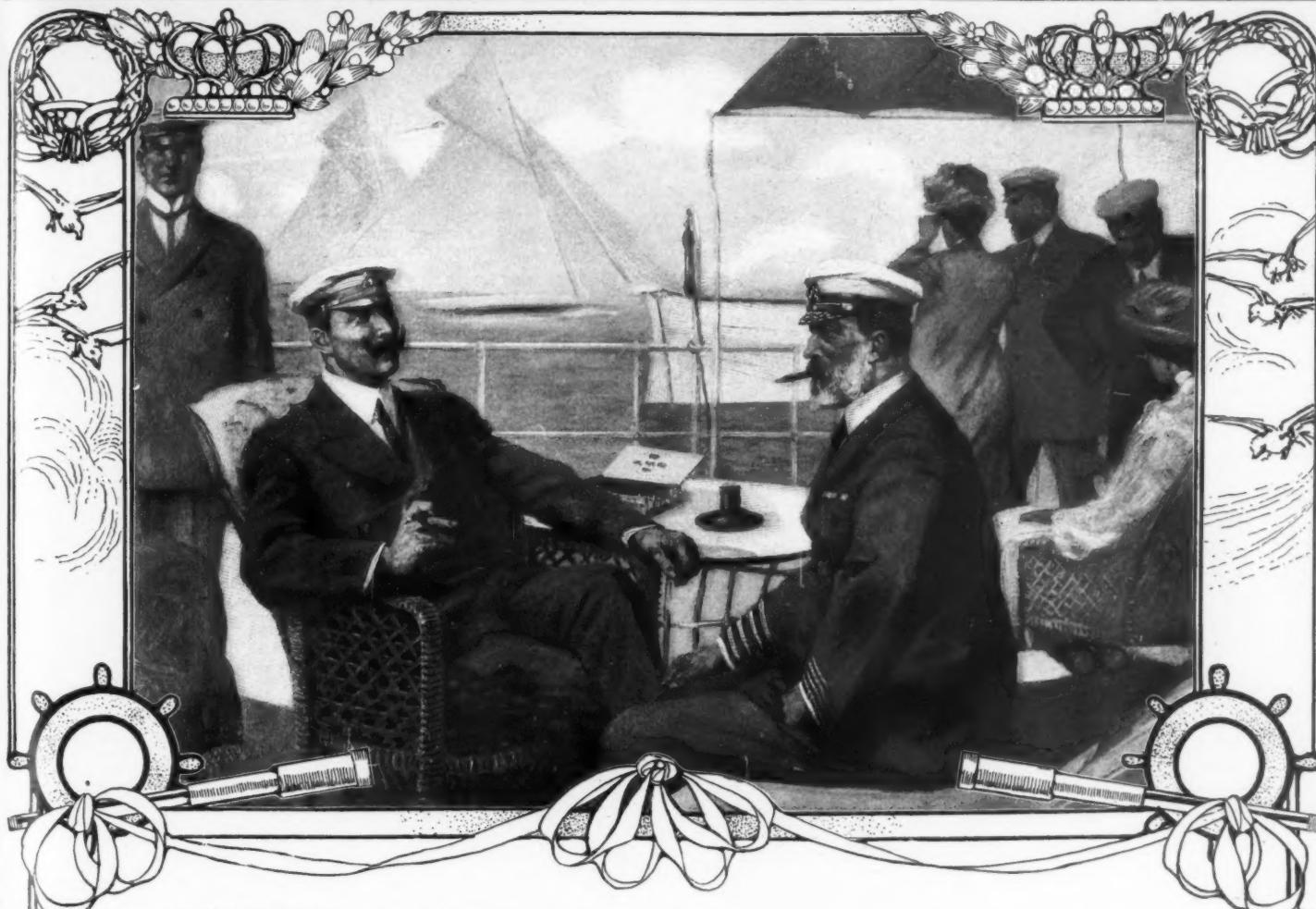
Dimpleton didn't want to do any of these things. The only thing he did want to do was to take a walk. And so to walk they all went.

When at last they came back, Mrs. Dimpleton met them at the door, smiling.

"You're a dear!" she said. "I had some sewing to do, and it was a great relief to be"—she started to say "alone," but checked herself—"to be relieved of the children for awhile. Children, you ought to consider it a great treat to go out with your father. You don't have him very often."

Jack was one of those delightfully loyal little animals known as "his mother's boy." He had ears to hear and he had heard everything

This story continued on page 158



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Important to Smokers of Fine Havana Cigars

The last two crops of tobacco grown in Cuba show a shortage conservatively estimated at 30% to 40% below normal—a condition that has seriously affected the production of genuine clear Havana cigars and will continue to do so.

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LIFE.

of importance that had happened that morning. In his puerile mind there dwelt the mistaken notion that his mother should be kept informed of everything that seemed worth while to know. At this juncture he drew her face down to his and said in a loud whisper:

"He smoked all the time!"

Dimpleton grew red with rage. He grabbed his son by the collar.

"Young man!" he said, sternly. "You're spoiled. You need looking after. I'll fix you."

Mrs. Dimpleton gathered the boy in her arms.

"Jack," she said, "you mustn't do that. That was telling. Your father is older than you. He can do anything he wants—without regard for anybody—if he wants to. Now both of you run away."

After they had disappeared, she turned to her husband. Her face had reproach written all over it.

"How could you! Didn't you say you didn't care anything about it? Why don't you acknowledge?"

It was the first quarrel they had had in years. They never had the time before.

"I'll smoke," said Dimpleton, "as much as I want to. I wanted to have things nice and pleasant, and I thought you would have sense enough to let me follow my own inclinations. I can assure you that I'm fully able to take care of myself and I certainly am not going to be placed in a false position by any child of mine. He ought to have a good licking, and I've a great mind to give it to him."

"You shan't touch him. He meant all right. He abhors deceit in any form—and he knew you were deceiving me."

"I wasn't doing anything of the sort—I was simply trying to avoid any unpleasantness. Besides, what have you done?"

"I?"

"Yes, ma'am, you. Here I arrange to give up my business, just for your sake—because *you* wish it. What's the result? I turn myself into a plumber, carpenter and man of all work all the morning—discovering a state of things I didn't believe could exist in any well-ordered, intelligent household—and in the afternoon I am made a nurse of in order that you may get away from me to do a lot of secret sewing. Yes, that's what you've been doing. You wouldn't dare sew before me. You know only too well that it's a habit you can't break yourself of, and so you contrive to get me out of the house and make me take the children with me, in order that you can satisfy your own cravings. You can't fool me."

Mrs. Dimpleton, now fully aroused, smiled satirically.

"Perhaps," she said quietly, "you don't know what *you* have done. You've upset the whole place. You've meddled in the kitchen and hurt the cook's feelings and demoralized all the servants. That's enough in itself. You've filled the house with horrid smoke. I don't know of anything worse than a man around the house anyway. I'm not used to it. I can't stand it."

"You proposed it."

"I didn't!"

"Do you mean to say you didn't complain because I wasn't at home more?"

"I did speak of it; but I didn't for one moment suppose that you would take me by surprise and do this so suddenly. I wasn't prepared. You didn't give me time to think. I"—

She looked at him pathetically.

"I tried to make the best of it, dear," she said, with a slight tremble in her voice. "If you had only given me time!"

Dimpleton laughed that cold, hard, tinny laugh that a man gives when his vanity has been cauterized.

"Ha! That's great! What you wanted was a due notice—a kind of warning beforehand, this not being my own home, I having, so to speak, only a kind of vague, ambiguous, financial interest in it. Why, as a matter of duty and conscience, I ought to let you know beforehand just how many extra moments on any given day I am going to spend in it. It's a great pity to hurt the feelings of your dear children, isn't it, by having their father hanging around doing things to upset you all? Oh, well, once is enough. You can bet on that!"

While he had been speaking, he once more rapidly put on his coat and started for the door.

"You can expect me," he said, "when you see me."

Mrs. Dimpleton sprang forward.

"Don't," she cried. "You mustn't."

Dimpleton paused with his hand on the knob.

"I'm going," he said. "Don't try to stop me. I've been in this house all day, and I'm not responsible. There's not a moment to lose. I've just got time to get to the office before it closes."

He was gone.

Hours passed. Ten, eleven, twelve. Finally at nearly one o'clock in the morning his disconsolate wife, almost beside herself with anxiety, heard his step at the door, a firm and joyous step, such as a man gives when he is sure of himself.

She sprang down the stairs to meet him.

"You cruel, horrid thing!" she sobbed.

Dimpleton stopped her. He threw the remains of a cigar out of the door.

"Don't say a word!" he exclaimed. "I'm feeling fine. I *had* to get to that office. Why, the boys had things all mixed up. But I've made up time. When I left here this afternoon I never was so tired and nervous in my life. I wasn't responsible. Now I'm normal again. I've done a day's work. I've made up time. Everything is all right. I'm natural."

He put his arms around her.

"Darling," he said, "I didn't mean anything. We can't break up our habits like this. It was my fault. I'll never do it again. I've made a fool of myself. Home is no place for me in working hours—or for any other man. Say you'll forgive me?"

And Mrs. Dimpleton, her confidence restored and her head on his shoulder, replied even as Eve herself might have spoken:

"My dear boy, there's nothing to forgive. Was it not I who led you into it?"

T. L. M.



"I rejoiced, sire, to see in the paper that you had abandoned cannibalism."

King of the Cannibals: I DON'T THINK YOU SAW THAT IN THE SUN, DID YOU?

LIFE.



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See that the cork or
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LIFE AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

GREAT AGENT

"Have you sold your country villa yet?"
 "No; I'm not going to sell it now."
 "How's that?"
 "Well, I gave instructions to an agent to advertise it for sale, and the description he wrote of it was so enchanting that I couldn't make up my mind to part with it!"—*Pete-Mete.*

THE JOKE WAS ON HER

A woman member of the bar in New York gives to our correspondent the following correspondence with the reservation that no names shall be quoted:

"I am one of the few women," she says, "who can see a joke even if aimed at myself. I do not feel that in this case I came off first best."

The first letter was from a man lawyer and was as follows:

Dear Miss Blank: We agree to the compromise as proposed in your favor of this date. Not because your client has a just right to such settlement, but from the fact that we do not care to open a contest with a woman lawyer.

To which this reply was sent:

Gentlemen: I note yours agreeing to a settlement, although I cannot congratulate you on your gallantry in begging the question. Like the original Adam, you seem inclined to hide behind a woman's petticoat.

And the following letter closed the correspondence:

Dear Miss Blank: If you will turn to the early pages of Genesis you will discover that Eve did not wear a petticoat.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

SLOW AND INFREQUENT

Now and then some man succeeds in becoming famous without being made so by the President, but it is a slow process.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE LAST STEP

When we reach the higher studies of foreign languages we are told to seek diligently to learn to think in the alien tongue, as well as to read and write it. That is, we are expected to catch the meaning of the strange words without any connection with English or English speech.

From this one may come to appreciate the experience of a certain Porto Rican negro. He was asked, not very long after his arrival in the United States, if English was difficult for him.

"Oh, no," he said. "I learn her ver' quick."

"So you could understand it and talk it?"

"Oh, yes, ver' good. But I have one trouble ver' long time. I speak good, an' I hear good, but cannot dream in English. I always dream in Spanish. An' I feel ver' bad, an' I try so hard to dream English. An' one night I do. I dream English when I am asleep, an' I wake an' I cry, an' I weep for joy. I am happy. I can now dream in English."—*Youth's Companion.*

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"DUTCH INTERIOR"

A SURE SIGN

SERVANT (with a newly married couple). To-day master noticed for the first time that I had been smoking his cigars. That shows the honeymoon is over.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

A STEADY FIRE

During the discussion of the Madden bill for cheaper gas Congressman Legare told the following story of a cook he had once brought from home with him. She was a splendid servant, but she didn't know anything about gas to cook with, so he went to the kitchen with her to explain about the range. So that she could see how it was operated, he lit each of the many burners. While still explaining, a message called him from the kitchen, and he left her, saying, "I guess you will find that it will work all right now, Martha." He didn't see the cook again for four or five days, then upon entering the kitchen, he said, "Well, Martha, how's that range doing?"

To his utter consternation, she replied, "'Deed, sir, that's the best stove I ever did see. That fire what you kindled for me four days ago is still a-burning, and it ain't even lowered once."—*Lippincott's.*

OPTIMISTIC BROWN

Brown's cheerfulness was a source of wonder and admiration to his friends. Either his religion or his philosophy taught him to accept everything as a wise dispensation. But then he had a large share of worldly goods, his friends argued, and nothing but adversity would shake his faith.

Therefore when a promising crop was washed away by a flood the neighbors were much astonished to hear him say: "It's all for the best. I was blest with an overabundance last year."

In the winter his house burned to the ground. To his neighbors' solicitations he calmly responded: "The house never suited us anyway, so it is all for the best."

Other calamities befell Brown, but still he refused to be disheartened.

The climax came when he was in a railroad accident. Both feet were so badly crushed that amputation was necessary.

Sympathetic friends gathered from all quarters. They dreaded to hear the lamentations they were sure would greet them, for even Brown could hardly be expected to pass this lightly by.

"Guess you are pretty well discouraged, aren't you, with both feet cut off?" ventured some one. "Do you think this is all for the best?"

But Brown nodded his head, smiling wanly, and said: "They were always cold, anyway!"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

AT SCHOOL

MASTER: If your friend borrows one thousand francs, agreeing to pay fifty francs a month, how much will he owe at the end of the year?

PUPIL: A thousand francs.

"You don't know the elements of arithmetic!"

"That may be, but I know my friend."—*Translated from Transatlantic Tales from Il Motto per Ridere.*

FOR SUMMER VACATION USE

"That idea is novel," said Thomas A. Edison of a new aeroplane. "It is a striking idea. I have seen nothing to beat it since last summer."

"Then a young man showed me an engagement ring that he was going to patent. 'But,' said I, examining the very ordinary looking circlet, 'what is there patentable about this?'

"It is adjustable, sir," said the young man, proudly."—*Washington Star.*

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First-class Hotels and Clubs on Wheels—The Through Trains of The New York Central Lines



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LIFE



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PURE DYE SILK HOSE

No. 106. Here is a most excellent pure dye silk Hose, reinforced heel, sole, toe; sensible, serviceable and satisfactory in every color to match fabric or leather; the best silk hose procurable, \$2.25 per pair.

If you cannot find at your shop, write to Dept. 9, and we will direct you to nearest dealer, or we will mail postpaid a pair of either style on receipt of price.

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RACING AT SARATOGA

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

Meeting Begins MONDAY, AUGUST 5th, and Ends THURSDAY, AUGUST 29th

SIX RACES EACH DAY, RAIN OR SHINE

RACING DATES AND ORDER OF THE PRINCIPAL STAKE EVENTS

MONDAY, AUGUST 5th

Saratoga Steeplechase, 4-year-olds and upward
The Flash, 2-year-olds
The Saratoga Handicap, 3-year-olds and upward

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6th

The Mohawk, 3-year-olds

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7th

The Spinaway, fillies, 2 years old

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8th

The Alabama, fillies, 3 years old

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9th

Overnight Events

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10th

The North American Steeplechase, 4-year-olds and upward
The Saratoga Special, 2-year-olds
The Travers, 3-year-olds

MONDAY, AUGUST 12th

The Catskill, 3-year-olds and upward

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13th

The Delaware, 3-year-olds and upward

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14th

The Grand Union Hotel, 2-year-olds

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15th

The Huron, 3-year-olds

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16th

The Troy, 2-year-olds

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17th

The Shillelah Steeplechase, 4-year-olds and upward
The Hopeful, 2-year-olds

The Great Republic, 3-year-olds and upward

MONDAY, AUGUST 19th

The Kentucky, fillies, 2 years old

TUESDAY, AUGUST 20th

The Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap,
3-year-olds and upward

FIRST RACE AT 2.30 EACH DAY

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21st

The Albany, 2-year-olds

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22d

The Seneca, 3-year-olds

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23d

Overnight Events

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24th

The Beverwyck Steeplechase, 4-year-olds and upward
The United States Hotel, 2-year-olds

The Saratoga Cup, 3-year-olds and upward

MONDAY, AUGUST 26th

The Amsterdam, 3-year-olds and upward

TUESDAY, AUGUST 27th

The Saranac, 3-year-olds

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28th

The Adirondack, 2-year-olds

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29th

The Champlain, 3-year-olds and upward

THE SARATOGA ASSOCIATION

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LIFE.



OUT OF WORK

One of the Senators from Georgia tells of a darky in that State who sought work at the hands of a white man. The latter inquired whether the negro had a boat. Upon being answered in the affirmative, he said:

"You see that driftwood floating down the stream?"

"Yassah."

"Then," continued the other, "row out into the river and catch it. I'll give you half of what you bring in."

The darky immediately proceeded to do as instructed and for a while worked hard. Then, of a sudden, he ceased to labor and pulled for the shore.

"What's the trouble?" asked the employer.

"Look hyar, boss," said the darky indignantly, "dat wood is jest as much mine as yours. I ain't gwine to give yo' any. So I's outer work again!"—*Lippincott's*.

Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. Always open. Most superbly finished hotel south of New York

PORUGAL

Poor, proud, sunken Portugal! It is difficult for us to realize that she was ever an intrepid nation; and there is something distinctly pathetic in the manner in which a present-day Portuguese will revert several centuries in his pride of patriotic achievement. Vasca da Gama was Portugal's; and Camoen. There can be no doubt that she has been great. Let her people derive from the fact such solace as they may. Yet, in spite of this natural national feeling and the many evidences of past glory still existing throughout the land, the Portuguese, with a very few exceptions, have no true appreciation of their ancient treasure. When questioned about anything archaeological or historical, they invariably say that it is *muito antigo* (very ancient), apparently quite satisfied, themselves, with such vague assurance.—*Isabel Moore, in the July Atlantic.*

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet.*

BEERBOHM TREE is noted for his absent-mindedness, and it is related that one night, upon coming out of the theatre, he entered a cab on which was a strange driver. "Home," was all the direction the cabby received. He waited some time fearing he might lose his fare before he asked Mr. Tree where his home was. His dismay was unbounded when the actor responded: "Why should I tell a perfect stranger where my beautiful home is?"—*Argonaut.*

FOR THE PLACE

MISTRESS: I want a girl for general housework; some one who is strong and willing and will do everything.

BRIDGET: Do yez take me for a Taft?—*The Wasp.*

Hotel Vendome, Boston

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

AFTERALL, John Burroughs's story is the best, and, as I saw it in the *Sun*, it's true. A lieutenant of an English regiment stationed in Africa was hunting for big game. He was fearless, but for some reason he hesitated to shoot at the great lioness that approached. Nearer and nearer she came, and was limping. The big-hearted soldier took out the thorn that he saw was in her foot and she limped away gratefully. And the Britisher forgot the incident.

Not so with her ladyship. She returned the next night, looked over the roster of the regiment, and ate every officer that ranked the lieutenant, who, of course, by her active gratitude, was made a colonel.—*Vino Veritas, in New York Sun.*

Pure at the Source

Milk is the chief article of food in the sick-room and hospital. Every physician and nurse should know the source of supply before ordering in any form. It is not enough to know that it comes as "country milk." Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, the original and leading brand since 1857. Integrity and experience behind every can.

REAL BLACK

"I want to get a ribbon for my typewriting machine," said the author.

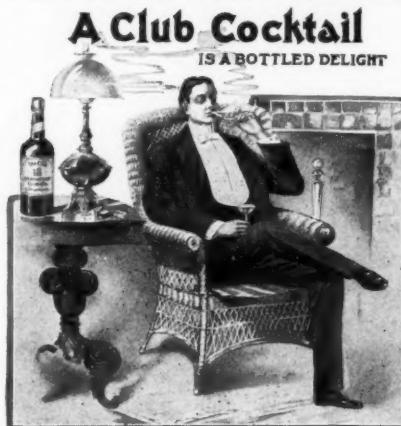
"All right, sir," replied the polite clerk. "What color—blue, purple or black record?"

"Well, er—I guess you better give me black record. I am going to write up the past of a Pittsburg millionaire."—*Chicago News.*

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The Best Bitter Liqueur
Underberg
The World's Best
Bitters
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Two Ages of Men

THERE are two periods in a man's life when he is unable to understand woman. One is before marriage and the other after.—*Harper's Weekly*.

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GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

LIFE



For Insomnia

Peaceful, refreshing sleep is one of the essentials to perfect health. Without it the system is soon run down and the nerves shattered. Yet many a woman, after a day of trials in the household, school or office, is robbed of this much needed rest, while many a man, retiring to sleep, finds himself grinding over and over the business of the day, and slumber, although aggravatingly driven for, becomes an impossibility. This is what is termed insomnia--business cares, fatigue or excitement keep the brain in a whirl, but no matter what the cause, speedy relief can be found in

Pabst Extract The Best Tonic

Containing the bracing, toning, soothing properties of the choicest hops blended in a wholesome manner with the vital, tissue building and digestive elements of pure, rich barley malt, it not only quiets the nerves, producing sweet, refreshing sleep, but furnishes nourishment in predigested form that rebuilds the debilitated system and carries in it muscle, tissue and blood making constituents. With peaceful rest thus assured, the system nourished and the appetite stimulated, causing a desire for and making possible the digestion of heavier foods, a condition of perfect health is rapidly assured.

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being a rich, nourishing, predigested food that is ready for assimilation by the blood as soon as taken into the stomach, brings relief and cure to the nervous, strengthens the convalescent, builds up the anaemic and overworked, restores lacking energy and is a boon to nursing mothers.

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We guarantee beneficial results. The COMFORT NASALFILTER gets rid of pollen to any hay fever sufferer. If you fail to keep it, send us \$2.50; otherwise a one cent stamp will cover cost of return.

Universal Supply Co.
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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



Poor Fido

(When impounded dogs are turned over to the University of Chicago for laboratory work.)

"WHAT is poor Fido yelpin' for?" said Bruno on Parade.
"I's turn 'as come, 'is turn 'as come," the bull-pup sadly said.
"What makes you look so sad, so sad?" said Bruno on Parade.
"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the bull-pup sadly said;
"For they're vivisectin' Fido—my, but they're feelin' gay.
They'll give 'im not a bit o' dope; he wouldn't kick, they say.
They've taken off his hind legs, and they cut 'is ears away,
An' they're vivisectin' Fido in the mornin'."

"What makes that spaniel breathe so 'ard?" said Bruno on Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the bull-pup sadly said.

"What makes that coach-dog tremble so?" said Bruno on Parade.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the bull-pup sadly said.

"They are vivisectin' Fido, he's been taken from the pound;
They've strapped 'im to a table an' it ain't a table round.
See that kind and noble doctor has just opened up a wound.
O they're vivisectin' Fido in the mornin'."

"Is kennel door was next to mine," said Bruno on Parade.

"I'll never use that kennel more," the bull-pup sadly said.

"I've et 'is bone a score o' times," said Bruno on Parade.

"I'll eat another bone," the bull-pup sadly said.

"They are vivisectin' Fido; see 'im strapped down to 'is place;
See the gentle, kind expression on that noble doctor's face.
They've taken off 'is front legs, now 'is tongue is out of place,
For they're vivisectin' Fido in the mornin'."

"What is the cause of all the noise?" said Bruno on Parade.

"It's Fido fighting 'ard for life," the bull-pup sadly said.

"What's that that's on the table now?" said Bruno on Parade.

"It's over. Yep, 'tis Fido's tail," the bull-pup sadly said;

"For they've done with poor old Fido, I just heard a student say;
The doctors went to dinner and they're feelin' mighty gay.

Ho! that young dachund is shakin' an' I'll want 'is bone to-day

After vivisectin' Fido in the mornin'."

—V. V. in *Journal of Zoophily*.

Two Tourneys

(1507.)

A.VAUNT!

"Marry come up!"

"Odds splutter my nails, have at thee!"

"On, gadzooks!"

Queer English, eh?

(1907.)

"Fa-a-a-ake!"

"Soak de empire!"

"Paste de bloomin' gezer in de slats!"

"Cheese it; de cops!"

Queer English, eh?—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

When He'd Be Wrong

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, whose playwriting achievements have won for him the distinction of being one of the most prolific as well as one of the most successful American dramatists, is a great friend of Frederic Remington, the artist.

They live in adjoining homes in New Rochelle and are much in each other's company. They are both of somewhat argumentative dispositions, and as they seem invariably to take opposite sides on every given question, conversation between them never flags. They are diametrically opposed, too, in political views, Mr. Thomas being an ultra Democrat and Mr. Remington a great admirer of President Roosevelt and his policies.

One evening they happened to take the same train from New York en route to their homes, and they had scarcely settled themselves comfortably in their seats when they plunged into a political argument, which continued throughout the journey even until they stopped at the gate of Mr. Thomas's New Rochelle domicile.

As he was about to leave Remington remarked, "I don't know what would ever happen, Gus, if you agreed with me on anything."

"I'd be wrong," replied Thomas, quickly, "I'd be wrong."—*The Bohemian*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

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LIFE

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Doubles the pleasures of an outing for a day or season

All dealers and summer resorts

To Be Quite Frank

"Uxor pauperis Ibyci. . ."
Horace: Ode 15. Book III.

YOUR conduct, naughty Chloris, is
Not just exactly Horace's
Ideal of a lady
At the shady
Time of life;
You mustn't throw your soul away
On foolishness, like Pholo!—
Her days are folly-laden—
She's a maiden,
You're a wife

Your daughter, with propriety,
May look for male society,
Do one thing and another
In which mother
Shouldn't mix;
But revels Bacchanalian
Are—or should be—quite alien
To you, a married person,
Something worse'n
Forty-six!

Yes, Chloris, you cut up too much,
You love the dance and cup too much,
Your years are quickly flitting—
To your knitting,
Right-about!
Forget the incidental things
That keep you from parental things—
The World, the Flesh, the Devil,
On the level.
Cut 'em out! —Appleton's Magazine.

Delightful and successful vacations planned with aid of "A Summer Paradise," 300-page illustrated guide to cool northern resorts. Send 5 cts. postage to A.A. Heard, G.P.A., Albany, N.Y.

His Weakest Point

OUT around the circuit of the Chautauquas, which are now in full blast in these United States, and especially in the middle West, they are telling, lovingly and tenderly, funny stories of the lamented Sam P. Jones. Perhaps Jones filled more Chautauqua dates than any other man on earth. He was always a drawing card, a Chautauqua staple, and only those who best knew the man saw through the superficial and mob-catching roughness into the real goodness within.

At Maysville, Mo., last summer, the manager of the Chautauqua, after Jones's farewell speech there, was making to the audience a few facetious remarks, in the course of which he said:

"The only particular in which I am in any wise Mr. Jones's superior is in looks."

Jones arose from his chair, walked deliberately around in front of the man, looked at him searchingly a moment and then drawled gently, in plain hearing of the audience:

"W'y, bud, that's yo' weakest p'int."

To say that brought down the house is to put it mildly.—Chicago Daily News.

Why She Sang the Hymns

A WELL-KNOWN bishop relates that while on a recent visit to the South he was in a small country town, where, owing to the scarcity of good servants, most of the ladies preferred to do their own work.

He was awakened quite early by the tones of a soprano voice singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." As the bishop lay in bed he meditated upon the piety which his hostess must possess which enabled her to go about her task early in the morning singing such a noble hymn.

At breakfast he spoke to her about it, and told her how pleased he was.

"Oh, law," she replied, "that's the hymn I boil the eggs by; three verses for soft and five for hard." —The St. Joseph News Press.

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REGNO CIGARS are really MADE TO ORDER, because I make only enough each day to fill my orders, thus insuring you cigars in the most perfect condition.

I manufacture these cigars in a town where expenses are much lower than in a large city.

I sell for cash only, saving thereby a force of clerks and bookkeeping, and give you this saving in the quality of the cigar.

I am satisfied with a reasonable profit because I want permanent customers rather than a big profit on a single order.

I make the cigars a plain straight shape because it is less expensive to so make them and they smoke equally as well, if not better, than a fancy shape.

I am selling my REGNO CIGARS direct from the factory to the smoker—no middleman's profit to be paid. They are put up in boxes of 50 CIGARS for \$2.00. I pay all carriage charges and I positively guarantee that if they are not as represented I will refund your money. In ordering state shade desired—Light, Dark, or Medium.

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We never sell through dealers, but always direct to the smokers in perfect condition.

Canned Poesy

I WENT into a bookshop and bought "The Rhymer's Lexicon"; To buy me rhymy lit'rature was what I'd long desired. I opened up its pages just as eager as a Mexican To find the kind of words the mind must have to be inspired,

I'd tired of the "love" and "glove" and other rhyming pabulum The new inchoate poet always thinks he has to use; My new Thesaurus showed me I could work with "acetabulum"—

Now, isn't that a pretty dish to set before a Muse?

And if I should be stranded on the island "Ecumenical," A passing ship would rescue me and save my metric life By throwing me a life preserver labeled "diplogenical"— (That's something like a slamper, only smaller, like a plife).

Suppose I should be troubled for a rhyme to "apoplectical," A look within the book'll make my worry disappear By giving me a pretty word like "brachycataleitical"— I have no doubt the word is used a dozen times a year.

Now, isn't that a reason for a bard to go and jubilate? It minimizes labor he may better put on thought. It's great to know he has the little-giant word "obnubilate," And obviates the fearsomeness of ever being caught.

But why should I continue to elucidate or tabify? The rhymer's brilliant lexicon has no such word as can't. A little bit of skill in knowing what to dissyllable Would teach a cinematograph the proper way to chant.

—Franklin P. Adams, in *New York Evening Mail*.

BILINER SAUERBRUNNEN. Natural, acidulous, alkaline water from Bilin, Bohemia, for stomach affections, uric acid, diabetes. Free booklet. **Lyttle Brothers, Agents, N. Y.**

One of Them

A FOREIGN tourist who had received permission to visit one of the large asylums for the insane in this country was surprised at the neatness, quietude and good order that prevailed within the walls of the institution. He asked if it was always like that, and the polite attendant who was showing him through the buildings said it was.

"We have what we call our violent wards, of course, but I presume you would not care to see those."

"I think not."

"It is just as well, perhaps. They are rather noisy, although, of course, we exercise the same care in providing for the welfare of the inmates that you see in this part of the institution. We also have a section where we keep the 'incurables.'

"These inmates, then, are considered curable."

"Their cases are at least hopeful."

"I am greatly interested," said the visitor, "but I will not take up any more of your time. You have other duties to attend to, have you not?"

"Yes, sir. This is merely one of my recreations. In one of the rooms in the main building I am engaged, during most of the time, in pursuing what may be called my life-work."

"Your life-work? May I ask what that is?"

"Hadn't you heard?" said the attendant, in a tone of astonishment. "I am compiling an index to Webster's Dictionary." —*Youth's Companion*.

A Delicate Job

DOCTOR: The increasing deafness of your wife is merely an indication of advancing years, and you can tell her that.

HUSBAND: Hum! Would you mind telling her that yourself, doctor? —*Wiener Salonblatt*.

Scholarship

GENIAL CLERGYMAN (*visiting the village school*): Well, my little man, what do you do in school all day?

THE MOST PROMISING PUPIL: I wait till it's time to get out, sir. —*Harper's Weekly*.

The first Derby made in America was a

C. & K.

Hats for Men



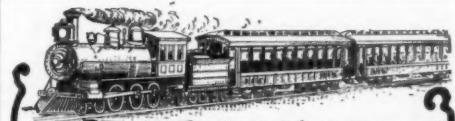
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LIFE

The Near-Nature School

HAVE you conned o'er "The Yawp of the Wild"—
Jack Liverpool's latest hit?

For misinformation, 'tis said,

This novel is surely "it."

Have you read "The Club-footed Stag"

By the great Mr. Driveler-Drool?

He follows a game that brings easy fame

In the somewhere-near-nature school.

Don't bother to gather the facts,

When you're writing an animal yarn:

Make your grizzlies talk, if you will,

And your bobcats, when dying, say "darn!"

Make your rabbits with long, flowing tails,

Throw aside anatomical rule;

Be a law to yourself and you'll rake in the pelf

In the somewhere-near-nature school.

Of the ways of the animal kind

What matter if knowledge you lack?

You can study at long, long range

From a workshop in Hackensack;

Let the old-time hunters say, "Bah!"

And scoff, "Tis the work of a fool!"

Though all laws you're defying there's money in lying

In the somewhere-near-nature school.

—Denver Republican.

"Rad-Bridge" Scores are "incomparable with others."

SHORTLY after two o'clock one bitter winter morning a physician drove four miles in answer to a telephone call. On his arrival the man who had summoned him said:

"Doctor, I ain't in any particular pain, but somehow or other I've got a feeling that death is nigh."

The doctor felt the man's pulse and listened to his heart.

"Have you made your will?" he asked finally.

The man turned pale.

"Why, no, doctor. At my age—oh, doc, it ain't true, is it? It can't be true!"

"Who's your lawyer?"

"Higginbotham, but—"

"Then you'd better send for him at once."

The patient, white and trembling, went to the phone.

"Who's your pastor?" continued the doctor.

"The Rev. Kellogg M. Brown," mumbled the patient. "But, doctor, do you think?"

"Send for him immediately. Your father, too, should be summoned; also your—"

"Say, doctor, do you really think I'm going to die?" The man began to blubber softly.

The doctor looked at him hard.

"No, I don't," he replied, grimly. "There's nothing at all the matter with you. But I'd hate to be the only man you've made a fool of on a night like this."—Everybody's.

THE man who took his dog out on the river to drown it, and after trying to beat it under with an oar, upset the boat and was himself saved from drowning by the dog he had been trying to kill, would have been, one feels, a fiend had not his dog's forgiveness touched his heart and changed his purpose. What are we to think of that cold, scientific ruthlessness which is perhaps the worst moral effect produced by vivisection in its votaries, when we remember the class demonstration given by Magendie, and recorded by an eyewitness, Dr. Latour: "The dog, mutilated and bleeding, twice escaped from under the implacable knife and threw his front paws around Magendie's neck, licking as if to soften his murderer and ask for mercy?"—The Abolitionist.

Tonsorial Note

ERNEST TILBURY, the well-known tenor, has a turn of exceptional interest, his rendering of 'Sing Me to Sleep,' finely illustrated, being received with marked favor."—Liverpool Daily Post.



*It is pure of the purest, with a sparkle its own,
Of the delicate flavor that long lingers on;
Thorough-bred, thorough-ripened, for long years it has lain,
Till it's rich, rare and royal—The Great Western Champagne.*

The fine wine grape, possessing the same qualities as those grown in France, with the French method of making, give

Great Western Extra Dry Champagne

the exquisite taste and sparkling effervescence of the best foreign wines. Great Western is made under the same identical methods as the most select French Champagnes, and it is aged for five years in the same kind of cellars. This gives Great Western an excellence which the French connoisseurs themselves recognize.

Nearly one hundred years of cultivation of Great Western vineyards in New York State have given the soil the elements that produce the same peculiar quality Champagne grape as grown in the famous vineyards of France.

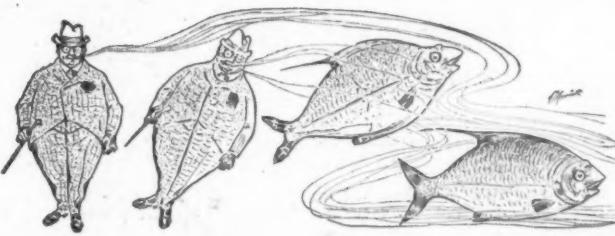
At the Paris Exposition Great Western Champagne was awarded a gold medal for quality.

Great Western Champagne costs 50% less than the imported. The U. S. Custom House receives no revenue from Great Western and you get 100% wine value.

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Her First Day at Sea

"WHY, how do you do?—I didn't recognize you at first—you had such a pretty suit on that day first at luncheon. . . . Oh, please don't misunderstand me—of course, no one would wear anything decent on the steamer after you are out, and I do like that shapeless bunchy hat—everything flops down in this damp air, anyway. I can't do a thing with my hair. In fact, to-day is the first day I have really had it fixed since I came aboard. . . . Oh, no, not at all. I never am. I simply had a bad cold, and I was so tired out I just thought I wouldn't try to get up-stairs. Quite a little motion still, isn't there? . . . No, I don't mind it at all. I don't think I shall stay up long—there seems to be such a draught. . . .

"Do you know, I think I shall have my chair moved over to the other side—I don't believe it can be as rough as this. I wonder where the steward is. . . .

" . . . Steward, I don't seem to care for this side of the boat; can't you move my chair over to the other? . . . This is the what? . . . Lee side? Oh, is it? Well—oh, yes, I remember now, that's the side with the red light at night. Well, it doesn't matter, really. I know the best people prefer the lee, and it was nice of you to think of putting my chair here, but I would much rather sit where there is less wind. . . . Oh-h-h, it is! Well, they didn't have it very carefully explained to me; besides, I have crossed so many times, there isn't anything about a vessel I don't know, from the main cockpits down to the tiller. . . . Well, all right, I suppose I had better stay right here. . . .

"Bouillon? Oh, no—please, please, take it away, quick. I'm not at all hungry—I ate such a hearty breakfast, I mean."—*From The Talking Woman, by May Isabel Fisk.*

At Regular Rates

MISS MATILDA OWENS hung on the arm of the editor of the Laneville *Bugle*, to whom she had been engaged for three years, and endeavored to turn his gaze toward the sky.

"Just notice the moon, William!" she said, in a melting voice.

"At the usual rates, Matilda, I shall be happy to do so," he replied.—*Youth's Companion.*



Soups Stews and Hashes

are rendered much more tasty and appetizing by the use of

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a rare relish for Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Cheese, etc.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, N. Y.

I WAS a slave to come a man ten pages Concerning Extempore imbrication by the Underdactylous every who train. So the family took a stool down in Jackson, He read Subterranean the Concord thorniness of its place.

I said great, lo to get the

He said contract

I said What's a

He said

I said includes English honest language my vocabulary is three thousand words or more alive that page is not exactly a thousand words as then, looking at my time be. So

policeman And so on at all, for a humble man that for

Examine He could him to come

From hard-working the Inter-Cruelty Carnegie heart in

PROOF cloth century—

In 1688 sister, the

"My last such a jenggan man a great deal is which lu

How to Spell

By MARK TWAIN

I WAS the property of a magazine, a seven-cent slave under a boiler-iron contract. One day there came a note from the editor requiring me to write ten pages on this revolting text: "Considerations Concerning the Alleged Subterranean Holophotal Extemporaneousness of the Conchylaceous Superimbrication of the Ornithorhyncus, as Foreshadowed by the Unintelligibility of Its Plesiosaurian Anisodactylous Aspects." Ten pages of that. Each and every word a seventeen-jointed vestibuled railroad train. Seven cents a word. I saw starvation staring the family in the face. I went to the editor, and I took a stenographer along, so as to have the interview down in black and white. I said: "Read that text, Jackson, and let it go on the record; read it out loud." He read it: "Considerations Concerning the Alleged Subterranean Holophotal Extemporaneousness of the Conchylaceous Superimbrication of the Ornithorhyncus, as Foreshadowed by the Unintelligibility of Its Plesiosaurian Anisodactylous Aspects."

I said: "You want ten pages of those rumbling, great, long, summer thunder peals, and you expect to get them at seven cents a peal?"

He said: "A word's a word, and seven cents is the contract; what are you going to do about it?"

I said: "Jackson, this is cold-blooded oppression. What's an average English word?"

He said: "Six letters."

I said: "Nothing of the kind; that's French, and includes the spaces between the words; an average English word is four letters and a half. By hard, honest labor I have dug all the large words out of my vocabulary and shaved it down till the average is three letters and a half. I can put twelve hundred words on your page, and there's not another man alive that can come within two hundred of it. My page is worth eighty-four dollars to me. It takes exactly as long to fill your magazine page with long words as it does with short ones—four hours. Now, then, look at the criminal injustice of this requirement of yours. I am careful, I am economical of my time and labor. For the family's sake I've got to be. So I never write metropolis for seven cents, because I can get the same for city. I never write policeman, because I can get the same price for cop. And so on and so on. I never write valetudinarian at all, for not even hunger and wretchedness can humble me to the point where I will do a word like that for seven cents. I wouldn't do it for fifteen. Examine your obscene text, please; count the words." He counted, and said it was twenty-four. I asked him to count the letters. He made it 203.

From that day to this I have been a devoted and hard-working member of the heaven-born institution, the International Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors, and now I am laboring with Carnegie's Simplified Committee, and with my heart in the work.—*Clipped.*

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

Nothing New

PROOF is below that ladies criticized each other's clothes in the seventeenth as in the twentieth century—and in "fonetik" spelling.

In 1686, May or June, Bridget Noel wrote to her sister, the Countess of Rutland:

"My Lady Gansbourer meet us at Burley, but in sutch a dres as I never saw without disput. Her jengen manto is the worst of its kind, it is purpel, & a great dele of green, & a letel gould, & great flours, ther is some red with the green, and noe lining, which luks a bomenable."—*Youth's Companion,*

"Shave Yourself"

"The man who shaves himself before breakfast in the morning has a pleasure which is never known by those whose faces are not familiar with the razor or for whom it is wielded by another.

"The operation creates a sense of cleanliness, opens one's eyes to things as they are, dissipates the cobwebs in the brain which accumulate during the night, and assists in establishing amicable relations with the world for the beginning of the day."

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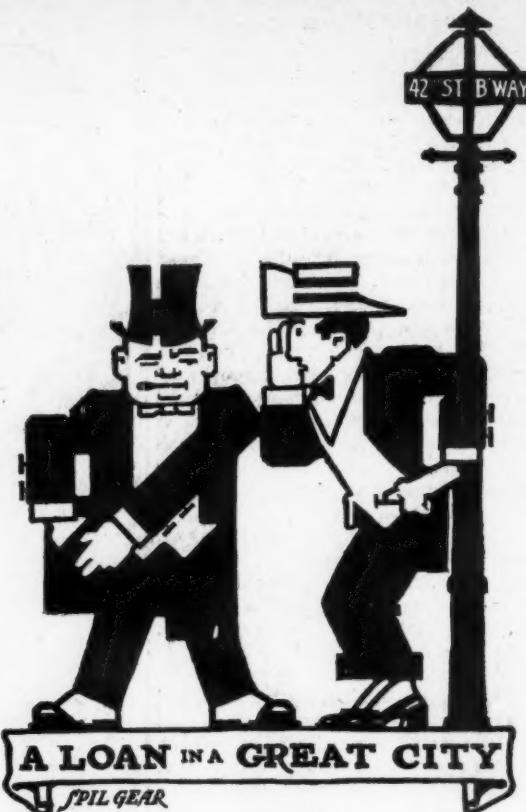
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THIRST-QUENCHING
DRINK

PUTS VIM AND GO INTO
TIRED BRAIN AND BODIES



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TRADE MARK



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because the bristle is solidly set in *hard vulcanized rubber* — the strongest and most reliable method of making brushes. Other shaving brushes are made with the bristle set in rosin cement and that's why they come out when wet.

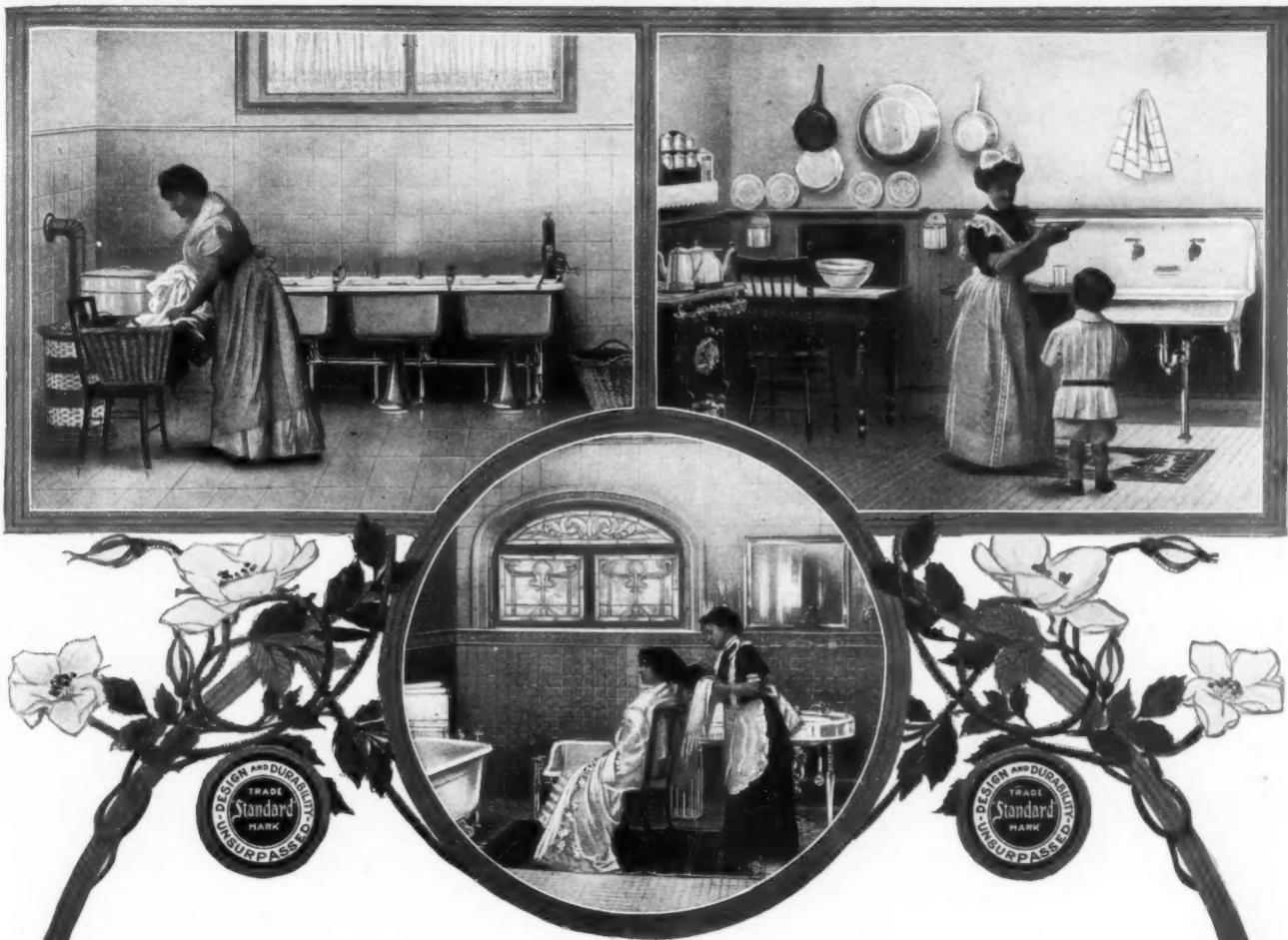
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